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**EDITORIAL NOTICE:—**The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged. It is preferred that MSS. should be typewritten.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK

The Prime Minister, the Foreign Secretary, and possibly Mr. Balfour, as Elder Statesman (to borrow a Japanese term), are going to Paris after the New Year to conclude treaties of peace with Turkey and Hungary. Peace with Turkey is a euphemism for the partition of Turkey, for England, France, and Italy, each demand so large a slice that it is difficult to see what will be left. Is Turkey to be allowed to retain Constantinople, with or without international guarantees? It has been laid down by Mr. Lloyd George that Turkey is to be allowed to keep whatever parts of her empire are Turkish. But who is to decide what is Turkish, or, for that matter, what is a Turk? Are we going to repeat in Turkey all the complications from which we have suffered in Egypt, and set up mixed tribunals, and capitulations?

The whole Turkish question is so difficult and intricate—we must remember that the Sultan has been at Constantinople for over five centuries—that we recommend Lord Curzon to despatch some diplomatist of experience and brains to the spot, who might be able to supplement the discussions at Paris with local information. We pointed out a few weeks ago that British interests were being neglected at Constantinople, where French, Italians and Greeks are making friends with the Turk, while our representatives are instructed "not to fraternise," an idiotic policy. Lord Newton would be the very man for the business, for he has been in Constantinople and knows something of Turkish politics. At this moment Lord Newton enjoys the distinction of having led the House of Lords to a victory over the House of Commons on the Aliens Act.

The tragedy of Austria deepens: the horror of famine in Vienna grows more appalling every day. It is to be hoped that everybody will visit the sale of Viennese toys and fancy goods at 27, Chancery Lane—what a stupid place to fix upon for a bazaar!—and will buy. Few vicissitudes of fortune strike us with greater pity than the transformation of the gay and glittering Vienna, with its polite people, dashing motors and unsurpassable cooks, into a ghastly camp of starvation. The deeper the Austrian tragedy grows, the blacker the crime of the Big Four, but more particularly of President Wilson. Months and months of precious and

irrecoverable time were wasted in Paris over discussions of the League of Nations. The time should have been spent in delimiting frontiers, and making treaties with the new Governments of the new States. The constitution and recognition of the new Governments would have given them the chance of re-starting their native industries, and contracting with the Western Powers for the supply of raw materials.

When the new nations had been started, then the League of Nations might have been discussed. But no: Mr. Wilson had come to Europe, of which he knew literally nothing, with a cut and dried scheme in his pocket for the regeneration of the world upon the basis of his Fourteen Points and the League of Nations. Such was Mr. Wilson's intense provinciality and conceit that he really thought his Fourteen Points would go down. Some weeks were consumed in teaching this American professor-politician that his Fourteen Points must either go into the waste-paper basket, or back into his pocket. Then began the ding-dong debate about the League of Nations, whilst Europe was sinking into anarchy and starvation. Finally the author of the delay goes back to America; finds the majority of the Senate against his policy; and takes to his bed. What will history say of this man?

It is apparent to all the world that the Powers are approaching one of the most difficult and delicate tasks that has yet confronted them—the satisfaction of the claims of Italy. We don't quite know what the Italian Minister means when he says that Fiume is not mentioned in the Treaty of London, 1915. By Note 2 to Article 5, "the following territories on the Adriatic will be included by the Powers of the Quadruple Entente in Croatia, Serbia, and Montenegro. In the North of the Adriatic, the entire coast from Volosco Bay, on the border of Istria, to the northern frontier of Dalmatia, including the entire coast now belonging to Hungary, and the entire coast of Croatia, the port of Fiume," etc. But though in the interest of civilisation Italy should always be given the preference to the Jugo-Slavs, we hope that Italy will moderate her demands. She is getting a great deal, both in Europe, and in Asia Minor, far more, proportionately to the sacrifice of men and money, than either France or England.

Placability, if disinterested, is divine; but the readiness with which politicians forget and forgive suggests

a contemptible calculation. Notwithstanding the abuse and ridicule with which the Prime Minister covered Lord Northcliffe on his return from Paris, and the answering stream of invective from the Northcliffe press, the Polypapist now smothers the Prime Minister in his embraces, and compromises him with daily compliments. The explanation is the Home Rule Bill for Ireland, which Mr. Lloyd George laid before the House of Commons at the prorogation. Assuming the necessity of conceding some form of self-government, the scheme is logical, rational, and common-sensible, which is exactly the reason why it will not be accepted by any party in Ireland. For what Irish political party was ever known to be guided by logic, rationality, or common sense?

Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., writes a great deal for the papers nowadays, but without much knowledge of past or present history, or indeed of anything outside the circle of railway men's hours and wages. He writes, for instance, in the *Sunday Times*, that he wishes to restore in Ireland "the atmosphere of 1914." But Ireland was on the brink of civil war in 1914, and was only saved by the Great War. And the Home Rule Act of 1914, carried into law by the operation of the three years' clause in the infamous Parliament Act of 1911 which dispenses with the assent of the House of Lords, coerced Ulster, and is now pronounced "unthinkable" by Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George. In addition, its financial clauses have been declared by the Prime Minister, one of its principal authors, to spell bankruptcy. Is this the Bill which Mr. Thomas wishes to revive? By the way, the House of Lords rejected the Naval Prize Bill, and postponed the Home Rule Bill until it was killed by the War. The nation owes the House of Lords two for saving it from the House of Commons.

Mr. J. H. Thomas goes on to say, "The Labour Party are neither divided nor lukewarm in their advocacy of what is called Dominion Home Rule. The hope of securing peace out of the permanent partition of Ireland is an impossible one. Ireland ought to be a united nation"—ought to be, no doubt, Mr. Thomas, but is it? "It is for this reason that we believe Ireland should be treated as Canada, Australia, and South Africa, are treated to-day." The ignorance here discovered of facts which must be known to every schoolboy is astounding. Canada, with a population double that of Ireland, has (counting the Yukon district) ten provincial parliaments, some with two Chambers, some with one, and the Federal or Dominion Parliament at Ottawa. Indeed, Mr. Lloyd George's scheme is more democratic in one respect than Canadian Home Rule. For whereas the Dominion Senators are nominated for life by the Governor-General, Mr. George proposes that the Council for all Ireland shall be elected by the two provincial parliaments.

Australia, with a population about the same as Ireland, is partitioned into six States, each with a parliament of two houses, a council and an assembly, and a Commonwealth Parliament consisting of a Senate and a House of Representatives. Thus Canada has eleven parliaments, and Australia seven parliaments. If Mr. Thomas is enamoured of Dominion Home Rule, he ought to partition Ireland into seven or eight legislative areas, each with a parliament or legislature composed of a council and an assembly, for population is the basis of all democratic systems. Instead of doing so, Mr. Thomas complains of two parliaments as too many for Ireland. Does he know anything of the political history of Quebec and Ontario, once united, now separated? We recommend him to study it, before he writes or speaks about Home Rule again.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to discover the truth about anything that happens in Ireland. The Coroner's jury that sat on the body of Lieutenant Boast found that he was shot by his own patrol, apparently because one of the witnesses thought that the bullet, or fragments of it found in the body, might be a "ser-

vice" or military bullet. One of the patrol swore that the officer was shot in the chest by a revolver in the hand of the civilian whom they, the patrol, shot. Surely this is capable of proof or disproof. If the officer was shot by his own patrol, he must have been shot in the back. If he was shot in the chest, he must have been shot by an assailant advancing towards him. Cannot medical evidence settle whether a bullet enters from the back or the front of the body? As for a "service" bullet, that might easily be possessed by a Sinn Feiner.

The outbreak of murders in Ireland convinces us that the Irish anarchists do not want any settlement by Home Rule. These ruffians know very well that the one thing likely to strengthen the opposition to the Bill is assassination, for to do the British democracy justice it has never yet been bullied or frightened into making any concession. If we reflect that "a state of order is a sentence of obscurity" for Irish agitators, we can see very well why priests and Sinn Feiners are against Home Rule. With regard to the British working-classes, we believe that their attitude towards Ireland is one of profound boredom. The talk about Home Rule interferes with the discussion of their own hours and wages, which is the only subject that really interests them. What a rigid tyranny the Trade Unions practise may be seen by the quarrel between the iron moulders and the iron founders, which has held up the iron trade for fourteen weeks.

It is fervently to be hoped that with a National Debt daily mounting to the figure of £9,000,000,000, and with taxation that is crushing the upper and middle classes into a squalid struggle for existence, the Government will not plunge the nation into any large expenditure on Mesopotamia. The Willcocks Irrigation Scheme alone would cost £40,000,000, and Sir John Hewett's Report reminds us how poor the country is, and how little able to pay the interest on capital sunk in works distantly remunerative. The English people are under no kind of obligation to improve the physical or moral condition of the Mesopotamian Arabs. Let Mesopotamia by all means be thrown open to the speculator and the pioneer syndicate—there are plenty of people to whom that kind of enterprise is attractive, provided they are allowed to "lick their own fingers." But let the British Government, after providing for the military protection of Bagdad and Basra, leave development to profiteers. There is said to be oil in Mesopotamia, and very likely there is. Perhaps the Anglo-Persian Company will take it up.

Lord Loreburn, like Lord Northcliffe, has retired to the North Foreland, "where reign the blustering North and blighting East," to nurse his wrath against "each venal friend" who has abandoned him, or whom he has abandoned. The Polypapist soothes his feelings by laying out a new golf course. Lord Loreburn unpacks his heart in bitter words about Messrs. Asquith, Haldane, Grey, and Lloyd George, which are published by *Common Sense*. It is no doubt true that Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. Haldane formed an inner and irresponsible triumvirate, who secretly committed England to the defence of France and took no steps to meet their vast engagement. Therefore Lord Loreburn bids the Liberal Party to have nothing to do with Mr. Asquith. But then he bars Mr. Lloyd George too, because he is responsible for the Russian campaign, and the policy of "the knock-out blow," and the Anti-Dumping Bill.

Seeing how deep and strong is the conspiracy of Scotchmen to occupy all the best posts, we expected Lord Loreburn to recommend Mr. Bonar Law as a leader. But no: Lord Loreburn does not think there need be any leader, but only principles. "We are not obliged to choose between two gentlemen" (Messrs. Asquith and George), "one of whom muddled us into this ghastly war, and the other muddled us into a fruitless and mischievous peace." This is severe: but it is indisputable that "there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it," the difficulty being, now as always, to catch them. It is easy to say "the old men



ought to be discarded and a chance given to youth." In politics, as in business, experience is more valuable than rhetoric or imagination. What are "the vital principles" for the sake of which the present Government is to be got rid of? Are they expressed in the Trades Disputes Act of 1906? Or in the Parliament Act of 1911? If so, may the Lord deliver us from the vital principles of Lord Loreburn!

The "I-told-you-so" man is usually a bore; but we can't help recalling the fact that last August, when the whole press was gushing about Lord Grey's appointment as Ambassador to Washington, we predicted its failure. In the smoothest of times Lord Grey was not the man for America, for, with all his civility, he is the proudest of Whigs, which the Americans would have been quick to discover. To thrust this stiff, fastidious figure, with failing eyesight, into the hurly-burly of an internecine war between Democrats and Republicans was sheer insanity. The sickness of the President was unforeseeable. But the only thing to do with the Americans just now is to let them severely alone.

Tom Coutts, describing in a letter to Caleb Whitefoord "the business of a great Minister," includes "above all getting the people at large easy access to law and right—for though no man can injure another rightfully and legally, be he ever so great or rich, yet it is too clear that a poor man can hardly get at his right at all, if a rich or litigious man disputes it with him." This was written at the end of the eighteenth century, and Coutts frequently boasts that he never had a lawsuit in his life. What would he have said if he had lived in these times, and been called upon to pay the brief fees of Mr. Stryver, K.C., and foot a bill of costs from Messrs. Summons & Summons? We are not democratic in our opinions, but we do regard the dearth of the law as a public scandal. It practically deprives the poor man of his legal remedy, and leaves him at the mercy of every rascally *richard* who hires a gang of lawyers.

Sir Charles Solomon Henry was what is called a rough diamond. Though he was for many years the London agent of the United States Copper Trust, he was quite honest and reliable, and socially he was hospitable and devoid of snobbishness. He married one of the Lewisohns of New York, a great copper family; in short, Henry was, to use a phrase of a late Admiral, copper-bottomed. When Mr. Lloyd George was comparatively "small beer," and was struggling painfully upward on stepping-stones of dead dukes, the Henrys made much of him, caressed and fed him both in Carlton Gardens and at Henley. The future Prime Minister arched his back and purred under deft feminine strokings, but a time came—the old story. The Great Man of the War, the Arbitrator of Europe, outgrew his former friends, and even showed a little impatience at their familiar chat, especially when it took the form of advice.

Sir Horace Plunkett's sudden death at the age of sixty is tragic, for he was a sensitive man, and we fear that the failure of his Convention preyed upon his mind. He has been a prominent figure in Irish politics for the last thirty years; but like all who try to mediate between two irreconcilable opponents, he was abused by both. The Orangemen denounced him as a traitor, and the Nationalists and Sinn Feiners smiled him aside as an impracticable faddist. He was cultivated and clever, and singularly free from class and race prejudice. But he had two defects; he had no sense of humour, and he believed what he wished to be true. Thus he passed his life in trying to solve the insoluble, though occasionally in his brighter and clearer moments, he would admit that the Irish question would never be settled. Despite of the sneers of the Nationalists, he did a great deal of practical service for Irish farmers.

In Bromley, a prosperous middle-class suburb, it looks as if some five or six thousand votes had been transferred from the Coalition to the Labour party. As it cannot be supposed that the middle class really wish to place themselves under the dictatorship of Labour,

the narrow majority of Colonel James must be ascribed, either to apathy, or to disgust at the failure of Mr. Lloyd George to meet his reckless election engagements. The Prime Minister will not prepare his platform speeches, and cannot be made to see the folly and danger of promising the moon to fairly intelligent and half-educated electors.

"By way of balm for healing" Mr. Lloyd George bestows an earldom on Lord Middleton, whom ten years ago he described as "the first of the litter," adding, a trifle coarsely, that "old families are like old cheeses, the older they are, the stronger they smell." Advancing years and continuous occupation of Downing Street have apparently reconciled the Prime Minister to port and Stilton. A barony is conferred on Sir George Riddell, that assiduous purveyor of police and divorce court intelligence, who sometimes takes upon himself the honour of representing the British press. Some people have a mania for collecting letters after their name. Why should a distinguished ex-official like Sir George Herbert Murray, who is already a G.C.B. and I.S.O., wish to be a G.C.V.O.? We suppose that "*l'appétit vient en mangeant*."

The folly of the State control of food could not be better illustrated than by the case of sugar. The shortage of sugar is due to two causes; the cessation of the large supplies of beet-sugar from Central Europe, and the abnormal consumption of cane sugar by the United States, owing to the insane policy of prohibiting alcohol. The human animal, if it can't get alcohol, must have sugar. Any broker in Mincing Lane would have told the Controller (perhaps did tell him) to buy sugar forward in these circumstances. However, he did not, and is now caught short by the producers. If there had been no Controller, and supply and demand had been allowed free play, sugar would have risen possibly to 1s., and the rich would have paid more for their usual allowance, and the poor would have had less at the higher price. But they have less as it is under the State ration, and so do the rich and the middle class. Everybody has less, and everybody is annoyed. The poor are not benefited, but the sacred principle of equality is asserted in political economy, where it has no place. Could anything be more imbecile?

The pay and pensions of the police are to be equalised throughout England; at least such is the recommendation of Lord Desborough's Second Report, shortly about to be published. Strange as it may seem, the evidence goes to prove that the long hours and boredom of the rural policeman are considered disadvantages as compared with the risks and excitement of his metropolitan brother, and there is a great run on the London force. We learn that many public school and university men, of the muscular type that used to go into the Church, are now becoming policemen. We are not surprised. The pay of a constable is as good as that of a curate; the pay of a sergeant is as good as that of most incumbents; a blue coat is as becoming as a black; and a pension is better than a creeper-clad vicarage, which its tenant can't afford to keep up.

The public are being given a sharp lesson in the danger of nationalising the coal trade. Sir Auckland Geddes rather incautiously explained that he was able to reduce the price of domestic coal by maintaining or raising the price of export coal to the foreigner. There is a coal famine in France, and the French are not slow to see that they are being starved and squeezed in order that Brown, Jones and Robinson may get a reduction of 10s. a ton on household coal. So long as this operation is performed by private firms dealing with private firms abroad, nothing can be said; it is the higgling of the market. But when Government deals with Government, it is a very different affair. Profiteering or withholding supplies of food or coal might easily be made a *casus belli*, and in any case would create much international ill-will, if the trade was in the hands of the Government, which is apparently what Smillie and Co. are clamouring for.

## PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

THE opening of 1920, fourteen months after the Armistice, suggests the framing of a rough balance sheet and profit and loss account, though peace with Germany is not yet ratified, and has not been discussed with Turkey. Our assets are the British Empire as it was in 1914 plus East Africa, the Cameroons, South West Africa, the German Pacific Islands, Mesopotamia, half Palestine, and a slice of Anatolia not yet defined. Our liabilities are £8,000,000,000 of National Debt, a Navy, Army and Civil Service at double pre-war cost, the maintenance by the League of Nations of the peace of the world, and an offensive and defensive alliance with France, with or without America, still in course of negotiation.

Turning to profit and loss, we are able on the credit side to show the destruction of the German military machine. Brutal as it sounds, 1,000,000 dead Germans and three times as many disabled are a profit, for the Germans trained by Kaiser Wilhelm II, his schoolmasters, and drill sergeants were dangerous to the peace of the world. We have also got rid of the Kaiser and his son and their gang of myrmidons and sycophants, military and civil, though we should have preferred to keep them bound at their posts, as any monarchy is better than none. Another profit is the destruction of the German Navy, by which we gain the unquestioned supremacy of the seas. With regard to punishment, reparation, and security, held out as the rewards of victory, a word or two. The German nation has been punished by defeat, the bitterest of all punishments. The individual Germans will probably escape punishment, from the difficulty of catching them, and of proving anything. Reparation, in the sense of pecuniary indemnity, we shall not get, for the simple reason that you can't take the breeks off a Highlander, and Germany is ruined financially. The word "security" makes us as angry as it did Falstaff, when mentioned by his tailor—it is so absurd. There will probably not be a big war for the next twenty years: there will probably never be another war of gigantic citizen armies: the next war will probably be one of gasses and bombs: who can say more than that? Peace is "un grand Peut-être." In thirty years we may be at war in alliance with Germany against Russia, Japan and China. Security—"a fico for the phrase!"

On the debit side the account is indeed swollen. We have lost 700,000 men and officers killed, and perhaps twice or thrice that number disabled. And as it was the very best of our young men who went out with the original Expeditionary Force, and who volunteered in the first year of the war, our loss is far greater than can be expressed in numerals. The goods purchased with the £8,000,000,000, have been destroyed, ships sunk, shells fired, food eaten, guns destroyed, clothes worn out. The money indeed remains in the country, having, with the exception of an eighth, borrowed from America, been transferred from one class to another. Are we the richer? On the contrary. For every £1 in deposits or cheque credits, in the banks, which are double what they were in 1914, there are only half the amount of goods in the country, for every paper pound ten shillings worth of commodities—that is no increase of wealth, though from the enormous profits made by individual purveyors and the very high wages of all manual workers it appears as if the nation was richer. It is a deception. What is a reality is the high cost of living consequent on the excess of money over commodities. High cost of living is one of the greatest calamities that can befall a nation: it can only be righted by an increased supply of commodities, and that increased production cannot be got unless and until wages are reduced.

Leaving our financial losses and gains for economists to dispute, far, far heavier is our spiritual or moral loss, which is indeed beyond all computation. For we have lost our civilisation. Money may be recovered; production may and will revive. But it is a lesson of history without a contrary example that a type of civilisation once broken can never be restored. The most famous civilisations of ancient times, those of Athens

and Rome, were based on the enforced servitude of men and women captured in war. The conditions were little, if at all, worse than those of the serfs of the Middle Ages, or even of the industrial population in the middle of the nineteenth century. The type of civilisation which has made England what it is was founded on subordination, the recognition of orders and degrees. The feudal serf became the domestic servant, the yeoman became the farmer, many of the peasants were drawn to the towns, and became workmen. Without the habit of deference, the recognition of superior by inferior, concretely, without master and servant classes, there can be no civilisation, as we have known the term. The sudden and unaccountable disappearance of domestic servants has withdrawn the foundation on which the fabric of society rested. What Burke called "the inbred piety, good humour, and integrity of the English race" has been replaced by atheism, rudeness, and roguery. Tribunals are set up to prevent tradesmen from robbing their customers: courts are created to try to make employers and workmen keep their bargains. Rates, taxes, prices, salaries and wages have risen to such a point that all but a very few have to spend every shilling on keeping their homes together, saving, or amusement, or travelling being out of the question. The one thing which every man wishes to keep private, his exact pecuniary position, he is obliged to expose on yellow forms to the scrutiny of officials. We live at the mercy of the trade unions for food, light, fuel and water. There is not a word of exaggeration in this, and there is no reason to hope that it is transitional. It is democracy, and it has come to stay, until it falls by its own weight under the heel of a dictator. We may bow to the philosopher, who bids us acquiesce in the inevitable. But as we respect ourselves, let us not join in the bray of the politician, who invites us to rejoice at a new world, a country fit for heroes.

## 'HAMLET' AT COVENT GARDEN.

MR. MARTIN HARVEY'S 'Hamlet' at Covent Garden is a very beautiful production, but it is none the less a warning to all other producers how, in certain fundamental respects, not to present Shakespeare. It is a sad mischance that the artist who has done most to purify the modern European conception of stage-production has, on the whole, done rather more harm than good, so far as Shakespeare is concerned. Mr. Gordon Craig, at a time when the art of production was almost wholly barbarous, restored it to a higher level of excellence than it had ever held before. As in the case of most men of genius, his ideas only indirectly affected the popular art of the time. The English theatre borrowed from him, quarrelled with him and expelled him. Pure Craig we have never had in London, but adulterated Craig is unescapable. The wind of genius had to be tempered by our merchant princes of entertainment to the lambs they hoped to shear. Of all those who have been stimulated by Mr. Craig Mr. Martin Harvey is the purest and boldest spirit; and in his production of 'Hamlet' at Covent Garden we have the most instructive application given since the War of Mr. Craig's methods. It enables us to realise how things lovely and desirable in themselves may be disastrously inapposite when they are introduced into a different order of ideas. We have heard many who have seen this 'Hamlet,' and realised its beauty, wondering, when all was said, why they were not more profoundly moved by it. The production was obviously much more satisfying to the eye than any we have yet seen. Mr. Martin Harvey was clearly alive to the significance of all he had to say and do. His 'Hamlet' is a haunting conception beautifully translated into the actor's personal technique. And yet we were seldom sensible of that astonishing grip upon our attention which this play hardly ever fails to obtain. It is almost impossible from the purely theatrical point of view to fail in 'Hamlet.' But in this production at Covent Garden, beautiful, sensitive and intelligent as it is, we feel that, so far as the sheer interest of 'Hamlet' as a play in the theatre is concerned, Mr. Martin Harvey's production would be



threatened with unmistakable failure, were it not for its distinctive accessories and embellishments. We feel that any success it may win (and we wish it all imaginable success) will be a success extrinsic to the play itself.

The cause of our unreasonable disappointment is revealed as soon as we perceive the intention and effect of Mr. Martin Harvey's methods of presentation. Mr. Martin Harvey has taken a vast theatre in which it would in any case be difficult for an orator by the methods of oratory to produce an appreciable effect upon his auditors. In Mr. Martin Harvey's view this does not appear as a disadvantage. He indeed employs his vast theatre as an asset. He assists the big theatre still further to dwarf his players by presenting them as frail, drifting, remote figures moving against a lofty and spacious background. This is the method of Mr. Craig, who desired the actor to be little more than a puppet gesturing within a decorative scheme which should have an appeal and value of its own. Like all the artists who have pleaded for a union of the arts Mr. Craig really relies upon the art he knows and practises best. However he may disguise the fact, 'Hamlet' is for Mr. Craig raw material for a series of impressive designs. Mr. Martin Harvey, in adopting the methods of Mr. Craig, conspires with him partially to achieve what Mr. Craig desires to achieve altogether, namely, a virtual supersession of the author and a reduction of the actor to insignificance. In Mr. Craig the intention was deliberate. In Mr. Martin Harvey the intention is presumably unrealised. Mr. Martin Harvey is, we imagine, inspired throughout with a wish to make Shakespeare's play as impressive as possible by presenting it against an impressive background. He can hardly have realised that in doing this he was in effect endeavouring to produce 'Hamlet' without the Prince of Denmark.

Mr. Craig's methods might be extraordinarily successful as applied to plays written by an author who was relying upon them, or by an author whose work happened to require that kind of treatment. In the plays of M. Maeterlinck, for example, where the characters are helpless creatures of a prevailing mood and where life is muted and remote, Mr. Craig would find excellent libretti ready to his hand. But for Shakespeare Mr. Craig's methods are fatal. Shakespeare wrote according to a plan which reverses all the conditions of Mr. Craig's theatre. In Mr. Craig's theatre the actor is a necessary evil. In Shakespeare's theatre he is essentially the beginning and the end. Mr. Craig presents the actor in low relief against a background which is intended to include him. Shakespeare brings the actor out among the spectators, bidding him rely almost wholly upon what he has to say. Mr. Craig aims at creating an impression by lines and colours, and to do this he reduces the bulk and stature of the actor, who is for him an incalculable and disconcerting element in the general scheme. Shakespeare aims at creating an impression by words delivered at close quarters, and to do this relies upon actors trained in every device whereby their speech and physical presence can be made most effectively to prevail. Mr. Craig desires us to contemplate his production as one looks at a picture: it is something external to us and to be viewed as from a distance. Shakespeare desires us to be caught up into his production as an audience in personal touch with actors in a play: it is something in which we are directly implicated. Thus at Covent Garden (for Mr. Martin Harvey's way is in essentials the way of Mr. Craig) author and producer are doing their utmost to destroy the effect which each desires to make according to methods in flat contradiction with one another. Instead of hanging upon every word that Hamlet says, we are almost surprised that he should speak at all. We should not be much more greatly astonished if somebody in one of Mr. Augustus John's cartoons were suddenly to address us. Instead of being held by the varied, violent and rapid action of the play, we are watching a series of designs, and we are rather disconcerted to find that the figures in these designs should apparently have a certain amount of impertinent business of their own, apart from that of filling the picture, to which they are inexorably required to attend.

In a word, whenever Shakespeare is trying particularly hard to do things in his particular way, Mr. Martin Harvey is doing his beautiful and ingenious utmost to prevent him.

Mr. Martin Harvey has fallen into the trap set by Mr. Craig for all those who turned in dissatisfaction from the older methods of the Lyceum and His Majesty's. He has fallen into it in distinguished company, for Mr. Craig's trap is baited only for those who have a cultivated sense of beauty and an instinct for art sound enough to reject the false realism by which our theatre has for a generation been cursed. But it is nevertheless a trap. Mr. Craig, looking at the productions of Shakespeare by his contemporaries, saw superficially what was wrong. The stage was set in accordance with a ponderous realism which required buildings to be buildings and showed us the bank whereon the wild thyme blew with a botanical accuracy. Mr. Craig saw that this was unnecessary, and he substituted his own beautiful methods of pictorial illusion in place of the old ones. But Mr. Craig, though he saw that Tree's methods were wrong, did not realise how and where precisely they interfered with Shakespeare's own methods; and, in correcting an accidental circumstance of the old method, he increased rather than diminished its fundamental error. The fundamental error of Herbert Tree was to obstruct Shakespeare's action and to delay his speech in order that he might introduce embellishments comparatively of little moment. Mr. Craig sought to correct this error by improving the embellishments. He improved them so greatly that they soon threatened to usurp the play they were intended to embellish. Thereby Mr. Craig violated the one, clear, simple principle of Shakespearean production. This principle is soon stated, but it has never yet been consistently followed. Let nothing first to last interfere in the slightest degree with the rapid and effective delivery of Shakespeare's text by players who are sensible of its appeal and trained rhetorically in its delivery. Let nothing else be considered as of any real importance compared with the spoken appeal of the players to their audience. Having secured this essential and sufficient appeal, you may afterwards be as beautiful and as ingenious and as modern in your embellishments as you desire—with this proviso that the attention of the audience shall never be confused or distracted by them. By all means let Mr. Martin Harvey present 'Hamlet' against those backgrounds of blue and gold. But Hamlet must not be dwarfed by them or made any the less a breathing solid actor, directly in presence, appealing to us with speech and action. By all means let us have those final tableaux to the scenes as they pass. But let them only freeze for a moment the impetuous action in its headlong course and make it seem all the more rapid and irresistible owing to its passing instant of immobility. Let Mr. Martin Harvey move harmoniously amid beautiful surroundings. But let him also come to us as the Prince of Denmark, taking up the burden of the play in his own voice and person and reducing everything about him to the level of mere setting or accompaniment.

#### THE DEATH YEAR OF HYPOCRISY.

WILLOUGHBY FANGART is the soundest prophet among my acquaintances; hence the honour with which he is regarded on the Continent. I was therefore not a little interested when he told me that in six years hypocrisy would have disappeared from politics, and added that political parties as we now know them would have shared the same fate.

"How?" said I. I knew that this was no commonplace surmise as to the advent of Guild Socialism, the future supremacy of Labour, or the dread possibility of universal Bolshevism. Fangart detests the obvious. His mind "voyages through vast seas of thought alone"; mine is of the Cook's tourist type—but receptive, very receptive.

"Tell me your vision," I said, and sank back in my arm-chair. Fangart stood with his back to me, leaning his elbows on the mantelpiece. "Twenty-five years ago I told you that we should soon be able to see

through an oak door. Was I right?" "No," I answered. "X rays," said Fangart. "I believe," he went on, "in the omnipotence of man, but his omnipotence, like the full development of his body and mind, can only be reached by the slow processes of evolution. He has now mastered space on sea and land and in the air; but this mastery is still checked and tempered by one thing—the weather. The London-Paris air service is held up by a hurricane; the Flying Scotsman sticks in a snowdrift; the fluctuating fortunes of the Great War itself were often determined for the moment by a twelve hour deluge. Do you suppose man will endure this indefinitely? Early in 1925 the scientists and engineers in combination will be able to control the weather to the last drop of rain, the faintest puff of wind, and the utmost variations of heat and cold."

Again I said, "How?"

"I don't know, but they will do it. The fat will then be in the fire. For a few months rival Syndicates, outbidding one another, will control the heavens in their own interests, the temporary supremacy of one group involving the ruin of its defeated rivals. Chaos and civil war will be at our gates. Then, as so often in our history, just before the cataclysm, the way out will be found. The State will buy up the patent rights."

"And that's that," I said, nothing more brilliant occurring to me at the moment.

"On the contrary," said Fangart, turning sharply round and facing me, "the t.n.t. will then be in the fire. Do you imagine that the regulation of the weather by a Government elected upon utterly different issues could for a single hour give satisfaction to more than a very small percentage of the population? Of course not. The *Morning Post* will join hands with the *Herald*, the *Nation* will unite with the *Saturday Review*, in exposing the criminal lunacy of the Weather Controller. Within three weeks there will be a General Election. It will be the first election in which pure self-interest, naked and unashamed, will have stamped the country. The disguise of altruism, so invaluable in the past, will be wholly unnecessary. Every voter will plump for the candidate who favours the weather most suitable to his interests—he would be a fool if he did otherwise."

"Whether the Combined Agriculturists, Ye Olde Englishe Sportes Partie, or one of the less obvious combinations will succeed I cannot tell you, but this at least is certain—the total disappearance of the old-fashioned political parties will synchronise accurately with the banishment of hypocrisy from our public life."

In the past Fangart has shown himself a very trustworthy prophet.

#### THE NATION'S WAR PAINTINGS.

EVERYONE should visit Burlington House before the end of January. An exhibition of the drawings, paintings and sculpture, belonging to the Nation, by artists of most diverse schools, merits inspection by the Nation. Here is, as nearly as possible, "the real thing," ranging from exact delineation of fact to the expression of personal sensation. Genuine and serious effort is characteristic of the show; not here, or only exceptionally, does one find the mock heroic, or the sentimental. Think of the usual pictorial products of war, of the "battle-piece" as a special corner of the field of professional production, with its impossible cavalry charges, its clap-trap appeal, and its smudges of smoke covering awkward spaces and feeble drawing! The difference in attitude is perhaps comparable with the gulf between this war of entire nations and the wars of professional soldiers. And though the nucleus of the Imperial War Museum was formed by the small group (afterwards augmented) of official war artists, the bulk of the interesting work shown is by men who were actually in the armies, artillery men, infantrymen, sappers, and medical officers, who did not go to the front to observe the lives and deaths of others, but whose experiences, soaked into their being, now find expression in their art.

It should not be difficult for the average visitor to understand that, while photographs and kinema films

give us amazing documents of detail and vivid transitory movement, we ask that pictures should show what the camera cannot, permanent beauties of design, the qualities of human perception and imagination, and the truth seen or felt from varying angles as it appealed to different temperaments. The smaller public which eagerly watches for signs of development and fresh tendencies in contemporary art will be chiefly interested in the work of the "young" painters, the men who were of military age, focussed especially in Room 3, which is hung only with large canvasses to form an unified scheme of decoration. Their predilection for severe and formal design has served these men well in tackling such big problems, and the prescribed theme has brought back to modern art the serious consideration of subject-matter and idea, for this occasion at least. It is the drama and terror of a surprise bombardment which Mr. Henry Lamb expresses. Men rush for cover, crouching, falling prone, and two men drag away one already hit. The figures are drawn with scholarly completeness as well as energy. The masses of piled stones in the foreground are marked out so precisely as to be a little distracting, but the rhythmic lines of Judæan hill terraces and the strong pattern of smoke clouds hold together a very rich and powerful design. Cyclamen plants growing among the stones are painted with delicate irony. This poignant feeling for natural beauty in incongruous surroundings is admirably expressed by Mr. John Nash. His pure colour and design in 'Oppy Wood: evening,' will remind many who were in France of other effects of loveliness, gorgeous or delicately flushed skies over incredibly desolate landscapes. His painting of the Artists Rifles going 'Over the Top' at Marcoing suffers from niggling detail, but it has a redeeming intensity of pattern, expressing the lurch forward of the line of men, in nightmarish surroundings.

In contrast to Mr. Nash's sensitiveness is the severity of Mr. Stanley Spencer's 'Travoy's arriving with wounded at a Dressing Station,' one of the most remarkable paintings in the exhibition. Its direct and calm simplicity is entirely free from fashionable influences. The tremendous effect of converging lines in gripping the attention and binding together a design is used in a way that recalls the arduous of the pioneers of perspective. One feels some disappointment that the powerful rush of lines in these mule ambulances does not arrive at a focus point of adequate interest: it is impossible for the eyes to rest on these convergent shafts, but the small dim rectangle of the operating room, to which they force one's attention, lacks emphasis. Mr. Spencer denies himself all easy attractions of colour or handling, but his cool greys and blacks seem bound up with his conception of impressive passivity in waiting men and mules. Mr. Gilbert Spencer's 'Interior of a Hospital in Palestine,' shows a more immediately effective sense of building up a picture, and, in the figure of the Sister, fine simplification; but the interest is jerky in distribution and the curious proportions are disturbing in so matter of fact a treatment. Mr. Paul Nash in his 'Menin Road' has given a veritable synthesis of desolation, impressive in its design of torn and twisted shapes, and of fine decorative completeness. It is in its rich decorative effect that Mr. Colin Gill's 'Heavy Artillery' succeeds. This follows the usually accepted method of flatly treated mass and silhouette, but is enlivened by vigorous drawing, and a sense of humour. A smaller painting of a large German howitzer at Fampoux shows Mr. Gill's sense of design and colour more compactly. Mr. Roberts's 'Shell Dump,' carried out in his peculiar formula, is disappointing. It is ingenious and rather handsome in colour, but is broken up into many small units of too uniform a size, thereby checking the rhythm. It is a pity that Mr. Wyndham Lewis's 'Battery Shelled' could not have been hung in Room 3. It is a far more successful example of vorticist design than Mr. Roberts's, powerfully organized in depth, with passages of fine, distinctive colour. Mr. Roberts is best represented by his small sketches and studies, which show his genuine impulse to translate his experiences into very personal drawings.



Mr. Meninsky's pictures of soldiers arriving on leave at Victoria are less bound to their subjects than most canvases here. They show an admirable feeling for rhythmic design, with a sense of bulk and mass, and are emphatically pictures, not illustrations. Similar in this respect is Mr. Elliott Seabrooke's 'Bombardment of Gorizia,' a well planned landscape, rich in colour.

We have dwelt on the work of the younger men who give the show its characteristic note of force and vitality, but Mr. Tonks, with scenes at advanced dressing stations, and Mr. D. Y. Cameron, in a fine structural landscape, show paintings of great vigour and interest, while there are already familiar works by Mr. Sargent, Sir William Orpen, and Mr. Nevinson, besides those seen at the Naval Exhibition last spring. The Sculpture includes busts by Mr. Epstein and vigorous reliefs by Mr. Ledward and Mr. Jagger.

As deliberate records of things seen, drawings are more lively and unpretentious than paintings. From this point of view the work of Mr. Muirhead Bone is masterly. The most complex details are clearly grasped, and the main ideas are given with a spirit and vivacity which remove them from the realm of the photographic. His drawings are too well known to need detailed comment. Mr. Francis Dodd, Mr. Rushbury and Mr. Kennington are similar to Mr. Bone in aim.

Taking the collection as a whole, we believe no other country owns such a pictorial record of the war as this, and we should probably have to go back to Italy in the 14th and 15th centuries to find painting of such widespread communal interest.

#### THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

PUBLIC attention has recently been directed in the daily press to the case of the Natural History Museum. The chief point made is that several vacancies exist in the scientific staff and that the Trustees are unable to find suitable men to fill them. If this were a merely temporary difficulty, due to a reduction in the number of qualified candidates owing to the War, similar to the present understaffing of the medical profession, it would not be worth many words. But it appears that the difficulty is one of long standing, and that it has arisen, not so much because suitable men are lacking, as because the pay is not enough to attract them. The Natural History Museum is not only a highly popular exhibition, as was proved by the general outcry when the Government attempted to close it, but it is a great laboratory of scientific research. The practical value of the studies there carried out was abundantly shown during the war and needs no emphasis. Their value to what is usually called pure science—by which is meant the advance of that fundamental knowledge on which applied science ultimately depends—is recognised by all serious students. Anything that militates against the successful and continuous work of the Museum is therefore a national loss and deserves careful consideration.

The Natural History Museum is a branch of the British Museum, governed by the same Trustees and nominally under the same Director. It has, however, a Director of its own (such men as Owen, Flower, and Lankester have held the post), and each of its five departments is administered by a Keeper, to whom an Assistant-Keeper is in some cases added. Under these officers the work of each department is carried on by a number of assistants. In principle these last are appointed between the ages of 20 and 25, after a competitive examination. The candidates have to be nominated by the Principal Trustees, but that is little more than a conventional relic of past times; it does not affect the present issue. The aim of the Trustees and the Civil Service examiners is to secure young men with broad university training and of a high honour standard in their chosen branch of science. Such men are not specialists, nor are specialists desired. They will acquire their specialised knowledge in the course of their work at the Museum, and will at the same time learn the methods of that particular work, the history

of the collections, and the necessary curatorial and administrative routine. But, again we insist, they must be men of broad culture and large views, able to rise above the specialist groove when the time comes. The initial salary is £150 per annum, rising by yearly increments of £15, and afterwards of £20, to a maximum of £500, reached in twenty years. Even with the war bonus and a pension after forty years' service, the temptation is far from irresistible.

This low beginning, and it was lower still not many years ago, is a relic of the days when those who had not ample private means were discouraged from entering the higher branches of the Civil Service. Those days have gone. There are scores of fine young fellows who with the help of scholarships have been able to discipline their inborn love of natural history and train it on scientific lines, and who would gladly sacrifice much for a place in our great Museum. But they have to live; they hope some day to marry, and to give their children no worse an education. Therefore they go elsewhere, and the Museum finds its places unfilled. If it be the case, as has been asserted, that the Museum authorities get over the difficulty by appointing outsiders of mature years, known to be more or less expert in some small field of science needing attention, one cannot altogether blame them. But note the consequences. These men escape the early training, as necessary to a museum curator as is the workshop to an engineer. They are without those traditions and that knowledge of the vast collections which take so long to acquire and are of the utmost importance in a historical institution of this kind. Sometimes they make good specialists, but bad Civil Servants, thinking more of their scientific interests and their own reputation than of civility and service. Always they block the path of the regular entrants over whom they have been placed, induce general discontent, and lead to the departure of the best among the juniors in search of more secure prizes.

This progressive deterioration must be stopped. The scale of salaries must be raised. Vacancies ought to be properly advertised, not merely when they occur, but some months before, so that the new man may be ready to step into the place, and even to take the final instructions, of the out-goer. The entry should be by the examination already recognised. Promotion by merit needs enforcement at more frequent stages, and assistants should be encouraged to think that it depends on themselves whether they become officers. Only in the very last resort should the Principal Trustees exercise their right (a valuable one no doubt) of appointing Director and Keepers from outside. The loss of a healthy and enthusiastic *esprit de corps* will do more harm than the occasional rejection of some prominent outsider. These suggestions are not original. Most of them were made, as regards the whole British Museum, by a Royal Commission which reported in 1914. They were, we believe, to have been followed up by a Treasury enquiry, but the War stopped that, and so the "New World" is now a good deal worse than the old. But the Trustees, who include some of the most influential men of the country, should insist that the time is now ripe for these overdue reforms. If they do not, the nation will rightly hold that they fail in their trust.

#### I WONDER WHY.

"Philosophy is the Child of Wonder."—Plato.

I wonder why our streets are nigh impassable,  
I wonder why their manners seem unclassable.  
I wonder why the Tubes are now a torment,  
And peace the pandemonium that war meant.—

Democracy,

I wonder why.

I wonder why each flapper looks so fortunate,  
Why frocks and films ("as advertised"), importunate;

Why every valet deems himself a hero;  
Why bunkum grows while income sinks to zero.—

Lloyd George and fry,

I wonder why.

I wonder why faked prices loom enormous;  
And why the nightly newspapers inform us  
Of the New Era's bigamous divorces,  
Crude crimes (no premium bonds) and bets on  
horses.—

O Liberty,  
I wonder why.

I wonder why a certain pampered section  
Conspires at will to bully by direction;  
Why rates and taxes make us grind our molars,  
Why none controls our Carmagnole-Controllers.—  
Equality,  
I wonder why.

I wonder why the paper League of Nations  
Embroids the world beyond the pale of patience;  
Why doctrinaires, expensively upwritten,  
Pick peace to pieces and unstitch Great Britain.—  
Fraternity,  
I wonder why.

I wonder why the "People" seldom wonders  
At all the impudence and half the blunders  
Misnamed Millennium; and in winter's messy mist  
Calls every critic a besotted pessimist.—  
What, no reply!  
I wonder why.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### BOLSHEVISM, BRITAIN AND JAPAN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Eighteen months or so ago Litvinoff, when questioned about the future of the Revolution by an acquaintance of mine, who had called to see him in London on the subject of the possibility of Peace, declared that, if the Bolshevik propaganda spread outside Russia, Bolshevism would strengthen and survive, but that if, on the other hand, it did not spread, then it would weaken and succumb.

This forecast was undoubtedly true, and it explains the desperate efforts made to spread the gospel of rapine, murder and rape throughout the world. If Bolshevism can prove to its victims that no help can be expected from abroad, then all fear of a counter-revolution will gradually disappear, but if the conflagration is confined to Russia through the antipathy of her neighbours, then, in spite of her vast resources, the reign of terror will gradually disappear through sheer exhaustion. If the tax-paying classes of the rest of Europe could only put aside their futile national prejudices and unite to fight Bolshevism, then its days would be numbered, since it could not spread, but if they persist in their attachment to the formulæ of an ancient and—unhappily—outworn patriotism, then all religion, all morality, all civilisation, must go under. Our crazy politicians, with the Prime Minister at their head, solemnly invite us to spend an incredible number of millions upon the navy and the army, quite forgetting that, when we are in the throes of national bankruptcy, there will be little to attract the cupidity of a foreign invader. Meanwhile the military career, so lavishly advertised on our hoardings as an easy and delightful one, is doing its share in the promotion of inefficiency. In thousands of cases to-day lads learn nothing from their spell of military service except how to shirk all hard work and how to escape the unpleasantness of venereal disease by the scientific use of prophylactics. At the very time when the energies of every man and woman in the kingdom should, so far as possible, be concentrated on production, we are teaching many thousands of young men the beauty of idleness, while their superabundant leisure lays them open in a special way to the efforts of Bolshevik agitators.

Patriotism is a good thing, but common sense is a better, and common sense bids us recognise that the only contest which matters to-day is that between Bolshevism and the Ten Commandments—the struggle

between the innate ferocity and natural lusts of the human beast and the restraints of morality and civilisation. Whether the Italians or the Jugo-Slavs shall hold the Eastern side of the Adriatic, whether monarchy will be restored in Germany, whether Japan will control China, whether India and Egypt will get Home Rule, whether the United States will join the League of Nations—all these are important questions, but not all of them put together are a tenth part so important as the question whether Europe, Asia and America shall be involved in the toils of the Russian revolution. To have the Germans at Dover, to have the French in the Isle of Wight, to have the Yankees in control of Ireland—these would be humiliations almost beyond imagination, but all of them together would be incomparably less serious to our national and individual well-being than to have Tom Mann and Robert Smillie, the Castor and Pollux of revolution, seated in power at Westminster and in full control of Whitehall.

With a view to avoiding such a catastrophe we must take every measure practicable to confine Bolshevism so far as possible to the country of its origin—Russia—and one of the first steps to be taken should be to allow Japan a free hand in Eastern Asia. America would not like this, but, because we are in economic bondage to the almighty dollar, are we also to be in political bondage to the Yankee spread-eagleism which would like to control the whole world? If the revolution spreads to Japan, it will overrun first China and afterwards India, and every white man throughout Asia will have his throat cut, and every white woman will be outraged and then killed. The Russian revolution, as I tried to point out at the time, was the death-knell of Imperialism and of the colour bar, and Australian Socialists need not be surprised if one of the first results of the triumph of Bolshevism in Asia were the invasion and conquest of the vast continent which has such irresistible attractions for the poverty-stricken millions of China and Japan.

To conclude, while we must always bitterly regret the necessity of leaving Russian loyalists to their awful fate, we may derive some small measure of comfort from the fact that many of the later victims of Bolshevism are "moderate" Socialists who viewed with indifference the plunder and torture of landowners and bourgeois, and only tried to draw the line when rapine, murder and rape attacked themselves.

Yours faithfully,

C. F. RYDER.

Scarcroft, near Leeds.

22nd December, 1919.

### THE MINERS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—“What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.”

The miners are going on strike next February, unless the Government nationalise the mines, and the public must do without coal.

What would be said, I ask, if the coal owners decided to lock out the men and close down their pits, because the Government did not carry out some particular piece of legislation on which they had set their hearts? A shorthand note of Mr. Smillie's observations on their conduct would be interesting.

Yours truly,

B. T. GATELEY.

Settrington Road, Fulham, S.W.

### EFFECT OF NATIONALISATION ON TRADE.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The more closely the question of Nationalisation is examined, the more detrimental it seems likely to prove, if applied to the industrial activities of this country.

Our railway system has been under the control of the Government for some years, and it affords a striking object lesson of the “benefits” of State management. The public have all the “advantages” of Railway Nationalisation brought closely home to them on their railway journeys. They pay fares which are 50 per



cent. above those of pre-war days; all their excursion and other concessions have been cancelled; their service of trains has been reduced; and the overcrowding of carriages on some lines has become a scandal and a danger.

The industrial community has had, too, to put up with delays and damage on a scale quite unknown in pre-war days. For all these "advantages," moreover, the public will have to pay many extra millions, as the railways are being carried on at a loss.

Just now there is great talk about nationalising the coal industry. If nationalisation cannot be advantageously applied to railway working, and that point seems abundantly clear from the present chaotic condition of railway transport, it certainly ought never to be applied to so complicated a business as the coal industry. The muddle in railway working is bad enough, but a similar muddle in coal matters would endanger all the industries throughout the country.

The British public would do well, therefore, to bring all the influence and pressure they can command, to prevent the Government from trying so dangerous and unnecessary an experiment.

Yours truly,  
MERCATOR.

16th December, 1919.

### OUR ASYLUMS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent—"A Patient for five months"—is especially well-timed in his indictment of Asylum conditions and treatment, in view of the greatly swollen number of the incarcerated owing to the war, during the period of which and since the Armistice some 20 to 30,000 service men have passed through Mental Wards of Military Hospitals, suffering from nervous or mental afflictions of varying degree.

Your correspondent's pseudonym gives no indication as to the age or sex of the writer; date of detention; type and duration of malady; and whether the writer experienced in his own person any of the "atrocities" mentioned as described by Charles Reade in 'Hard Cash,' or, as the writer affirms, as committed in these days. Ostensibly, the indictment is in respect of civilian institutions, and, personally, from information in my possession, I have no doubt but that it is fully justified.

If justified in respect of civil establishments, how much more justified would be an indictment of the conditions and treatment in the late Mental Wards of Military Hospitals, which were free from even nominal control by civilian authorities! To such, those thousands of service men were consigned, and there herded indiscriminately as regarded the type or degree of affliction, and in the practically uncontrolled charge of the orderlies, a body of men largely composed of pre-war attendants in pauper lunatic Asylums. The staff of these temporarily Military institutions was likewise similarly composed and given military rank from Colonel to Lieutenant; both staff and orderlies were clothed in khaki, and both Military and Asylum Laws and Regulations were in force.

With bitter knowledge of the terrible experience of a young relative who was incarcerated in one of these wards, and from information gathered from other service men, and even from medical men and nurses, I have no hesitation in branding such places as Hells; the actual perpetrators of the atrocities as devils incarnate; and the responsible authorities as criminals, in that either they wittingly permitted the malpractices, or were culpably ignorant of their existence.

You, Sir, have had the courage to publish this "Living Death" indictment. Will you go further and use the influence of your Journal in securing a searching investigation into:—

- (a) The justice, fairness, and adequacy of the existing Lunacy Acts.
- (b) The efficiency of their administration.
- (c) The conditions and treatment that existed in the Mental Wards of Military Hospitals.
- (d) The conditions and treatment that exist in the

Neurological Hospitals to which service men have been transferred.

(e) The existing conditions and treatment in civilian Asylums—public and private.

As regards (a) and (b), the recent case in the Courts of "Everett v. Griffiths and Anklesaria," and another, the Holman case, glaringly demonstrate the defects of the Acts and their administration. In both cases the sufferers were admittedly sane during their detention. In the Everett case the grounds for detention as certified by the Medical Officer were totally and ridiculously inadequate; and in the Holman case the medical diagnosis was proved to be absolutely incorrect. Yet by the technicalities of the law the medical authorities in both cases were exempt from responsibility.

In both cases, the sufferers escaped from the respective institutions (the one "Private," the other "Public"). Had they not, the probability of prolonged, or even perpetual, incarceration approximates to a certainty; for, setting aside other contingencies, the very imprisonment and hopelessness suffice to induce insanity.

With regard to (d), from knowledge of the conditions and treatment in one of these institutions, doubtless they are intended to be humane, and may prove to be effective; but commonsense appears to be largely lacking—for many of the men have been in the enjoyment of perfect liberty, every comfort, and unfailing kindness, in "Homes of Recovery," and have exchanged such conditions for those of Hospital environment, restriction, and barrenness of surrounding and prospect; accompanied by absence of recreation or occupation; a minimum of monotonous and restricted exercise; and, to a large extent, a deprivation of opportunity for enjoying the society of relations and friends. Such changed circumstances would appear certain to retard rather than advance a cure.

I trust that the vital importance of this subject will excuse this lengthy letter. Publicity is the only hope for improving the condition of the insane and the release of the sane.

Yours faithfully,  
FIAT JUSTITIA.

December 22nd, 1919.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent, 'A Patient of Five Months,' with a letter headed 'A Living Death,' seems to be in error somewhat as regards the Lunacy Laws.

In the last revision of these laws, Mr. T. Healy took a very prominent part, and he had introduced into that law a clause running thus: "Any person placed under certificate can, before incarceration, insist on being taken before a magistrate, to be put under examination, as to the condition of his mind." This I think a very wise provision to guarantee the freedom of every one.

Asylums of the present day are, to some, an asylum, a place of refuge, from the storm which has surrounded them mentally.

As far as I know about mental conditions which contribute to insanity, they can be produced by well-studied hypnotism, and entirely produced by one's fellows. There are cases, and a good few, where some organic decay or formation is causing trouble. All such cases as persons imagining themselves possessed of wealth, or of being some titled person, are generally some hypnotic work, brought about as a joke or display of knowledge in such matters. Often these powers have been used even on children, to cause them to be put out of the way, when money or property was the prize, for the clever and unscrupulous. I have heard it said, these powers had been used on persons who had money and that a percentage was habitually demanded by those exercising this power over the patient or victim, as the inmates of asylums name them.

The why and the wherefore of the patients, and other matters connected with "Lunacy," would be very interesting if the whole of it were put through a very fine sieve, and all reasons or objects laid bare, but out

of it all, I think, you would find that the medical staffs had more sympathy with the patients than with those who caused them to be put there. There are many well behaved and high idealed men and women, who have passed a year or more in such a place, who have thanked God that He had given them a means of escape from being made criminals or slaves of some criminal community.

An asylum well conducted by men who understand the "mystery" of the mind and who can counteract any evil at work is a blessing beyond value to men and the nation.

There is a rule that after two or three days' incarceration the patient, if capable, may write to the Commissioners in Lunacy demanding of them an explanation of his incarceration, which must be answered.

Yours faithfully,

ONE WHO KNOWS.

#### MR. WELLS ON HIMSELF.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—We desire only to reiterate that Mr. Wells in his 'Outline of History,' distinctly affirms that there was "no real break in culture" from the time of neolithic man until we reach the age of machinery. In Mr. Wells's view the invention of machinery was a break in culture, whereas the fall of the Roman Empire was not. The coming of the steam engine appears in this view of history as an event more catastrophic than the coming of Christianity or the writing of Kant's 'Critique.' Mr. Wells cannot run away from this position by playing with the word "break." We do him the justice to believe that he has no desire to run away. Our article implied that Mr. Wells was honestly and ably expressing a point of view with which we did not agree, and which seemed curiously old-fashioned in a writer invariably described as modern.

We need hardly say that we ourselves have no ambition to contribute "the latest thing in thought." Riemann and Einstein have successfully forestalled anyone who might have had this ambition by the invention and application of a new mathematical language which is for the moment only understood by some half-dozen people in Europe—mostly Germans. We hope Mr. Wells will be able to include their remarkable discoveries in his 'Outline.' We intend to read him diligently to the end for the same reason that we (sometimes) read Mr. Horatio Bottomley, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, and the poetry of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. It is always interesting to know what is going on in the popular contemporary mind.

We are sorry Mr. Wells should be so obviously displeased. We were under the impression that we were praising him warmly in our article. We have done this once or twice before with actresses and find that it never pays. They do not like to be praised for qualities which they actually possess.

Yours faithfully,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

December 29th 1919.

#### DID CERVANTES SMILE SPAIN'S CHIVALRY AWAY?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Byron was a great figure in his day, and will always remain a great figure. But I venture to dissent from this particular opinion of his, and from the opinion of your reviewer (*à propos* of Professor Schevill's 'Cervantes,' in your issue of Dec. 20, p. 588) that "there is a good deal to be said for Byron's judgment on this, as on most subjects."

Cervantes lived one of the noblest of lives: he was ever brave, selfless, undismayed by an endless series of disappointments and misfortunes. A lesser man would have become embittered. He was tender to the last, filled with love of his fellow creatures, devoted to his King, his country and his faith. Never was there a Spaniard less likely than this, the greatest of his race, to "smile Spain's chivalry away."

Then, what are the facts regarding the books of

chivalry which unhinged the knight's reason? They were being written in ever decreasing numbers, which obviously points to a diminishing vogue. As our leading Cervantist puts it: "Don Policisne de Beocia was the last of his race. Cervantes's book appeared three years later. It did instantly what sermons and legislation had failed to do. After the publication of 'Don Quixote' no new chivalresque romance was issued, and of ancient favourites only Diego Ortúñez de Calahorra's 'Caballero del Febo' was reprinted (1617—1623). The fictitious knights were dying: Cervantes "slew them at a blow." (See Fitzmaurice-Kelly's Introduction to Ormsby's version of 'Don Quixote,' Glasgow, 1901, p. xxiii).

With regard to the author's intention, it is set forth in the Preface, where "a certain lively, clever friend" of his tells him that the book is "from beginning to end, an attack upon the books of chivalry." But it must be clear to anyone that, though this was Cervantes's original theme, the subject grew under his hand and assumed a far wider and more universal sweep—the failure of human ideals. Nor should it be forgotten that the fortunes of Sancho Panza, introduced though he be by way of contrast, as representing the practical mind, are inextricably bound up with those of his master; and that the idealist and realist suffer together. The books of chivalry, originally anything but absurd, became utterly fatuous in the course of time; and Cervantes did a service to literature by killing them with ridicule. But he never killed a single one of the great ideals of mediæval chivalry from which these books were derived. On the contrary, in the figure of Don Quixote he restored to literature the type of the perfect knight and true gentleman. Do we not all love him, as we love Mr. Pickwick and Colonel Newcome, his lineal descendants?

Finally, it is held by many, including myself, that Byron was certainly wrong, inasmuch as Spain has remained to this day the most chivalrous nation in the world.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

H. O.

#### WHAT THE WEATHERCOCK DOESN'T KNOW.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—While lost in admiration of the miscellaneous erudition displayed by the weathercock of St. Peter Mancroft, Norwich, I feel bound to point out, as a mere historian, an error in regard to a very great man, one of the many celebrities brushed by the sweep of his wings. In pardonable wrath with Burke for using a weathercock as a metaphor to denounce a shifty politician, these words are used: "He, who began by admiring the Revolution and ended by hating it!" This is untrue. Burke never admired the Revolution. His chief title to distinction as a statesman (not, of course, as a writer) is that he was the first to discern and to denounce the tendency of the beginnings of the Revolution, and broke up the Whig party in doing so.

Yours faithfully,

HISTORICUS.

P.S.—Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, and Hazlitt all began by admiring the French Revolution, and all but Hazlitt ended by denouncing it. Our Prime Minister admired the Russian Revolution in 1917: shall we live to hear him denounce it?

#### A HANDBOOK OF STEVENSON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Surely the passage you quote (on p. 611) from the will of Mrs. R. L. Stevenson refers not to her daughter, but to her daughter-in-law, for whose temper she would naturally feel less responsible.

Yours truly,

JOHN D. HAMILTON.

The Athenæum, Glasgow,  
December 28, 1919.



## LEGAL REFORM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It is a pity that the article in your current issue on 'The Need for Legal Reform' was not written by someone with more knowledge of the subject. There are many inaccuracies in it. The most extraordinary is the statement that solicitors demand unduly heavy fees for the cases which come to them. Solicitors are, of course, able to arrange for special fees for particular work, but that is the exception, and not the rule. Surely it is well known that solicitors are, apart from agreement, only entitled to charge scale fees for whatever work they do.

Further, no solicitors on the rolls expect or desire to "have enough litigation to keep them fully occupied." Some solicitors will not conduct litigation.

No wonder the writer of the article refrains from being dogmatic as to possible remedies—the poor chap does not know the elements of the subject which he attempts to criticise!

Yours faithfully,

ELABEA.

[The writer of the article on Legal Reform was a barrister. Neither he nor our Notes last week referred to the legal costs, i.e. taxed costs, of solicitors, but to their charges, which the client must either pay or take his case elsewhere, always a difficult and dangerous thing to do.—ED. S.R.]

## TOM PAINE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In this week's issue you speak of "the drunkard Tom Paine."

If you refer to Thomas Paine the reformer, I beg to say that he was not a drunkard, though, when in prison in Paris during the Terror, with his hopes ruined and expecting every day to be his last, he sought relief in drink.

Considering that drunkenness was the almost universal custom in his day, and that no gentleman thought it disgraceful to be drunk every night, Paine's one lapse from his habitual sobriety may be excused.

For the rest, in attempting reforms, he took risks which our modern sedition-mongers do not run.

I am, yours faithfully,

C. W. SMITH.

[Gentlemen did sometimes get drunk in the 18th century. But Paine was not a gentleman. We admit that association with the Friends of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity is a good excuse for taking to the bottle.—ED. S.R.]

## ARMY FOOD.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Referring to a recent paragraph in the SATURDAY REVIEW, do you really think that before joining the British Army I subsisted on a diet inferior even to pig-wash, bully and dog biscuits? The writer is evidently a conceited, stupid ex-staff officer. I should like to have his address.

"Little tins of meat for three,  
Made a sorry dinner;  
And \*Queen Mary's cakes for tea,  
Didn't reform the sinner."

\* Dog biscuits.

Yours, etc.

S. J. CLIFT.

(Ex-common or Garden Soldier).

25, Parthenia Road, Fulham, S.W.6.

[We don't know from what class of Society our correspondent comes: but this is the first time we have heard that our soldiers were not well fed at the front; or that tinned food was not good.—ED. S.R.]

## REVIEWS

## A "PURE LINE" NOVELIST.

Gold and Iron. By Joseph Hergesheimer. Heinemann. 7s. net.

MR. HERGESHEIMER (whom we take to be an American of Dutch or German descent) made a decided success with 'The Three Black Pennys': his 'Java Head' was well, but not so well, received. To express our judgment of the author's art in the three short stories before us we must borrow a term from the technique of etching. The dominating feature of Mr. Hergesheimer's art as a story-teller is "pure line"; there is here no smudge of sentiment; no inking for effects; no softening mezzotint. It is metal on metal; the hard dry point of the needle on the plate, not the flowing lines of the pencil, and the warm soft colours of the brush. The lines are brilliant and the background dazzlingly distinct. Of its kind it is perfect art; but it is an art which chills us to the marrow.

The first story, 'Wild Oranges,' is of the conventional picaresque sort. The rape of a maiden from a ruined store, where she lives with a doting wraith of a father in terror of a maniac man-of-all-work, who wants to marry her, by a disillusioned yachtsman who has anchored in the lonely bay, is executed in familiar fashion. There is the struggle in the dark between madman and saviour, which ends in the exhaustion of both, and the discovery of the corpse of the wraith in the parlour. Just as the yachtsman and the maiden are pushing off in the yacht's dinghy, the madman is heard crashing through the thicket, and the only sailor, a devoted Swede, is coolly despatched to tackle him. Two notes of Mr. Hergesheimer's brutality strike us in this story. The daughter abandons her father's body lying in the parlour without a thought. Why didn't the yachtsman and the sailor kill the maniac, who was "wanted" for murder, and bury the poor old wraith? This running away of three able-bodied persons from one lunatic is the reverse of heroic. When the yachtsman and his love get aboard the lugger, it is discovered that the devoted Swede has received a mortal knife wound in a quarrel that was none of his. He is thrown overboard with a perfunctory mutter. Is this aposiopesis? Or is it part of the dry-point method? It is a little revolting, and we don't think the picaresque is Mr. Hergesheimer's line. In the two succeeding stories, 'Tubal Cain,' and 'The Dark Fleece,' we get to Gold and Iron, and Mr. Hergesheimer is in his element, American provincial life in the period following the Civil War, the late sixties, or seventies, we imagine. Certainly the pictures of the Pennsylvanian iron valley and the fishing village on the coast of Massachusetts are marvellous in their actuality. But his heroes are odious, and his heroines quite inexplicable. Why Gisela Wooddrop should have married Alexander Hulings, a ruthless egotist with repellent manners; or why Honora Canderay should have married Jason Burage, an inarticulate boor, Mr. Hergesheimer doesn't condescend to explain. Both women were beautiful, clever and rich: both men were little better than brutes. Mr. Hergesheimer simply throws his heroines into the arms of his heroes in silence. Women always have made and always will make mercenary marriages. But in both these cases the women were richer than the silent, disagreeable males with whom they mated in the teeth of opposition from relatives and friends. Mr. Hergesheimer is either very young or very old. For he believes in the irresistible magnet of the strong, silent man, who makes iron or gold, and who, we thought, had by this time been exploded.

But the etchings of provincial life in the United States are wonderfully telling. Alexander Hulings leaves his village, where he had been an unsuccessful lawyer, and travels to Tubal Cain, a disused iron forge in a Pennsylvanian valley belonging to a cousin, an amiable pietist, whom Mr. Hergesheimer, in his callous way, turns adrift; in other words, he disappears. Hulings determines to be an iron master, and to ruin John Wooddrop, the iron master who owns everything

in the valley, and who had been rude to him on the canal steamer. Alexander works night and day at rebuilding the forge: his hands are raw; his back nearly broken; he bullies the workmen, never leaving them; caked with filth he throws himself down to an animal's sleep; he borrows or rather takes money from the doctor in his native village: with the assistance of a German foreman, and a nascent railway company, to whom he sells rails at ruinous prices, he succeeds after many years. He becomes an iron master, second only to the great Wooddrop, who offers him a partnership in the friendliest terms, which Alexander refuses with insolence, but shortly afterwards determines to marry Wooddrop's daughter. He meets the girl, who is lovely and of course her father's heiress, in an hotel parlour, and here is his proposal: "I want you to see my house some time. I planned a great part of it with you in mind. No money was spared. I should be happy to have you like it. I think of it as yours." Without hesitation the girl leaves her affectionate father and the habits of her life, to marry the maker of this speech. They live in a house as gorgeous as Philadelphia upholsterers could make it, and discuss in monosyllables diamond brooches and window curtains, for he refuses to talk business with Gisela, perhaps because he recognises that she is cleverer than he, or because Americans regard women as dolls to be dressed up. Mr. Hergesheimer records no single word of endearment or caress as exchanged between husband and wife. Financial troubles arise; and Alexander is threatened. Gisela is stricken with pneumonia. John Wooddrop, the father, is summoned to a dying daughter. He totters into the saloon, sobbing, and makes it up with Alexander, whose thought, as he grasps his father-in-law's hand, is that "in the control of the immense Wooddrop resources he was beyond, above, all competition, all danger. What he had fought for, persistently dreamed, had at last come about—he was the greatest Iron Master of the State."

Perhaps even better, in the way of pure line, is the fishing village of Cottarsport near Boston, with the fishermen on the quay, and the Puritan maiden, Olive Stanes, engaged to Jason Burrage, son of the owner of a packing warehouse for dried fish, who had left ten years ago to find gold in California, and Honora Canderay, the lady of the village, daughter of a sea captain, and living in the only big house. Here is a word from a scene in the kitchen, where the sisters Stanes are taking tea. Hester, employed at the packing-house, comes in, and is greeted in sisterly fashion with "Gracious, Hester, you smell of dead haddocks, right this minute." While waiting for Jason's return, Olive Stanes runs by chance into Honora Canderay's arms in the street. Honora civilly expresses the hope that Olive and Jason will be happy. "I trust," said Olive, "that Jason has been given grace to walk in the path of God"—said Honora, "Grace be damned!" Jason arrives in a silk hat and broadcloth coat, with a bag of gold, and very little "grace" about him. In the excitement of his Californian reminiscences, he mentions to Olive that he has killed a man, been tried by the wild justice of the West, and exonerated. The Puritan maiden, however, recoils from the blood-guiltiness with loathing and the engagement is broken. Jason takes to drink, and is fished up by Honora Canderay, who asks him to marry her, and he does. Had Jason been amusing, or handsome, or very rich, and had Honora been poor, or a fool, the thing might be intelligible. But Honora is richer than Jason, whose gold amounts to a paltry £30,000; she has lived in Boston Society; she is decidedly clever with a turn for social philosophy and satire. Why did she ask this clown, a fisherman's son, to share her dainty life? As in the previous tale, the married life seems to pass in silence. This, we suppose, is the dry-point method; and those who prefer etchings to water-colours or oils will prefer Mr. Hergesheimer to more explicit authors. We don't; and we recommend Mr. Hergesheimer, if he wishes to do justice to his great talent, to exchange the needle for the pencil and brush. If he wishes to become a popular writer, we advise him to study Trollope, and so correct his own taciturnity by learning the difficult art of idealising

commonplace conversation. Perhaps the explanation of Mr. Hergesheimer's method and its success is the love of obscurity and the shirking of plain issues affected by the rising generation all over the world.

#### CERTAIN POETS.

The Splendid Days. By W. M. Cannan. B. H. Blackwell. 3s. net.

Worms and Epitaphs. By H. W. Garrod. B. H. Blackwell. 3s. net.

The Happy Tree. By Gerald Gould. B. H. Blackwell. 3s. net.

Wheels, 1919. B. H. Blackwell. 6s. net.

LIKE so much else that Mr. Kipling has done, 'The Recessional' exhibits a more than usually shy glimpse of truth in a headline. Can you not, you who have lost and have deeply suffered in this war, in the still quivering silence of your heart, as quiet grows deeper, almost hear the newsboy shout, "Special, Captains and Kings Depart?" And for once the newsboy tells the truth. They depart, and with them things more beautiful, more desired than themselves. But you could have wished, couldn't you? that their departure had been less stridently pronounced. And here to meet your need are poets—little slender poets—who, when the newsboy has done shouting and the broad street is still again, whisper, so that your heart hardly distinguishes their voice from its beats, what you, what they, what all of us have irretrievably lost.

Miss Cannan is not yet a poet; perhaps she will never be. It is indeed possible to suppose that she is just pain calling aloud; "I have been so hurt," says she, like a child holding out its hand to a mother. But for Miss Cannan there is no mother can console. In vain, like one of Robert Louis's children in 'The Child's Garden' does she cry:

"Now in the evening every day,  
When I have done with work and play  
And seek for sleep my room;  
Now in the quiet gloom,  
After I've knelt to pray,  
I'll tell my love what I have done all day."

In vain, because he will not hear nor help. But artlessly as in these (not very beautiful (but how poignant!) lines, she repeats again and again how sharp her loss has been, and how enduring:—

"Tell him all kissing's done on earth  
Before my mouth forgets;  
Tell him my tears are hot for him  
Upon his violets."

The pain she communicates would be less, perhaps, if it were presented with art's stern eliminations. Thus poured out, it has the effect of a lost child, hopelessly weeping. But since the object of war is to massacre the innocents, we have perhaps a right to protest if one of them thus lingeringly complains.

Mr. Garrod's is a different way of sorrow. Where Miss Cannan shows all her pain, he angrily, even impertinently, conceals his. Mr. Garrod would have us believe that he has not only, like Mr. Britling, seen it through, but better than Mr. Britling, seen through it. His epitaphs, neatly turned, of politicians fallen in the war, have an impish note among the tombstones. But even while Dr. Addison finds himself described as "Hoxton's son," and his chief as "George, the hammer of the Hun," we detect defiance. Not, let it be hastily added, of those eminent persons, but of another Mr. Garrod who hates this fiddling, while his heart is burning. As vainly as Miss Cannan to her lost lover, does Mr. Garrod cry for comfort to his re-found books:

"God! it's good to get again  
Back to books, away from men."

Good, perhaps—but alas! how useless. Because before this cry has died down that other Mr. Garrod, remembering the lads he loved—the lads that had a touch always of Mr. Housman's fatal beauty—is calling to their unloved successors:—





committal note of the different methods pursued by the large banks in England and Germany. One turns with the more interest, therefore, to what the author has to say regarding labour.

Referring to the alleged conservatism of our mercantile, banking, and manufacturing classes, Professor Marshall expresses the view that England has suffered as much from the conservatism of her manual-working classes as from that of her business men; and further on in the book he emphasizes the way in which the introduction of new machinery is retarded by the standard piece-rate so dear to the average operative. Since the introduction of a new and improved machine will merely mean paying the same wage for a piece of work although it will now be done in less time, costs of production will not be lowered by it. Hence the employer is naturally reluctant to incur fresh capital expenditure, the benefit of which will accrue entirely to the operative. The standard piece-rate should hold good only under standard conditions. Where those conditions are not attained, the rate should be increased; where they are improved, as by the introduction of a machine which enables the work to be done in less time, the rate should be adjusted downwards to the extent that such a portion of the benefit accrues to the operative as enables him to earn a little more than before. Costs of production are thus lowered, and the operative has at the same time an interest in working the machine which lowers them. The standard piece-rate modified in this way is, as the author notes, in actual operation in the Lancashire cotton industry, and works very well. Elsewhere, however, we are compelled to enter a caveat in regard to the author's attitude towards Trade Unions and monopoly power. He notes that a monopoly is generally exposed to indirect competition by reason of the possibilities of substitution. But clearly in regard to the strong Trade Unions this statement no longer holds good. A case is quoted where an attempt by the Trade Union of masons to use its monopoly in stonework tyrannically was broken down by the indirect competition of bricklayers. This happened in 1880. Was it impossible, we wonder, to find a later example? The more powerful Unions are now so centrally organized that the possibility of substitution does not exist.

The attitude of so distinguished an economist as Professor Marshall towards the controversies of the day would in any case command respect. The author's carefulness in expression and his refusal to dogmatize increase the significance of the queries he addresses to various kinds of "reformers." Of the advantages to England of a Protective tariff the author is distinctly dubious. Of the Guild Socialists he asks: Will their system enable the operatives to estimate correctly the character and ability of those in authority? Under a system of democratic control of industry, where not only foremen, but the whole of the management are elected by the workers, how will administrative ability be developed? Similarly in reference to bureaucratic socialism, the author condemns unreservedly the mixing-up of politics and business. He summarizes his views on Socialism in the following passage:—

"No socialistic scheme, yet advanced, seems to make adequate provision for the maintenance of high enterprise, and individual strength of character; nor to promise a sufficiently rapid increase in the business plant and other material implements of production, to enable the real incomes of the manual-labour classes to continue to increase as fast as they have done in the recent past, even if the total income of the country be shared equally by all."

And finally Professor Marshall enunciates a number of conditions on the attainment of which he believes continued progress to depend. Among these are the two following:—(1) Taxation, whether of income or of capital, must be used to reduce debt; and (2) output must be increased to the utmost extent possible. Or in other words, two and two still make four in spite of the War; psychological laws are as potent, and honest finance as essential, in Mr. Lloyd George's new world as they were two generations ago.

#### FOOD AND FORETHOUGHT.

Life and its Maintenance. By W. M. Bayliss and others. Edited by F. W. Oliver. Blackie. 5s. net.

THIS book contains fifteen lectures delivered at University College, London, during the first half of 1918. Though called 'A Symposium (which it is not) on Biological Problems of the Day,' unlike the corresponding course of lectures at King's College, it does not deal with the philosophical questions that biologists would understand as coming under that head, but with a number of practical questions in applied biology. Originally intended as a guide to the general public in problems made acute by the war, it nevertheless contains much of no less service now that the struggle of peace has begun. The volume then is by no means out of date, and, since the lecturers have succeeded in presenting statements that are both clear and interesting, it should find a wide public, and we hope it will. Perhaps in talking so familiarly of "the hydrogen ion concentration of the soil solution," Dr. E. J. Russell was over the heads of his hearers, but the only serious offender in this respect is, oddly enough, a gentleman who congratulates himself as a layman on the fact that he has to address a general audience and not a medical one. The following sentence may serve as a sample of his grammar and of the kind of language he chooses for the instruction of a mixed gathering:—"Basing ourselves upon a proteolytic theory of serum immunity, one may regard anaphylaxis as the result of an abnormal reversal of the usual hydrolysis, leading instead to accentuated synthesis of the introduced toxin, the eventual balance of the reactions being sensitive to extremely small additions of the original substance from without." N.B.—There is no glossary. This young man (he must be young and enthusiastic) should study the admirable opening lecture, in which Professor Bayliss explains the essential factors in the complicated problem of food, and does it all so easily and with such a minimum of technical terms that any housewife might read and profit by it.

It is notorious that during the war the scientific forces of this country were diverted to the immediate succour of the commonwealth. The nation—or at any rate the Press—has expressed its sense of those services. But unfortunately the public hears and sees, and consequently thinks, much more of the tanks, the gas-bombs, the submarine traps, and so forth than it does of those less advertised measures by which the food-supply was increased and the health of the people maintained. Yet the former things are ephemeral, the latter enduring. It is necessary to remind the voters of this enfranchised land that the quiet observation of natural processes is just as important in its purely material effect as the invention of T.N.T. and gyroscopic air torpedoes. Though we have won a war against certain enemies, there is still a fight before us, and we must continue to invoke and to pay for the help of our researchers in science. "There seems," says Professor Hickson, "to be an idea that, whereas the destruction of ships at sea is an act of the enemy which can be countered by naval action, by guns and by shells, the destruction of our food-crops by birds and insects is an act of God, to which there is no available counter-action in the hands of man." Precise statistics are still wanting, but if we take the wheat crop alone, at its estimated value of thirty millions, then the loss by insect pests cannot be regarded as less than £3,000,000 per annum. If to this be added the loss on other cereals, on root-crops, vegetables, and fruit, the total from this cause alone may well amount to £15,000,000. Now it is possible to reduce this loss, and Professor Hickson mentions some isolated victories of the University of Manchester; for instance, the protection of cabbages against the root-maggot, and the destruction of the larch saw-fly in the Thirlmere Woods by the fostering of its bird enemies. But our knowledge of the interrelations of birds, insects, and crops is still in an elementary stage. We cannot yet identify all the creatures that swarm in a single clod of earth, and of their habits we are unblissfully ignorant. We



cannot discriminate friends from foes even among the familiar birds. "We are recklessly taking part in a warfare without knowing the strength and disposition of the forces that are fighting on our side." To train and maintain a staff of naturalists for this study might cost as much as the building and commissioning of a battle-ship, but it would be a better investment.

Other foes are the numerous fungi, and these we are accustomed to attack by spraying the crops with various chemicals. But to be effective the spraying should be universal, and it is very difficult to convince everyone of the advantages of the process. This is partly because spraying sometimes fails, or actually causes damage. That is no chance result, but the reasons need investigation, and a survey of the various attacks in their relation to soil, weather, and modes of cultivation is urgently needed. Another big business—but a profitable one.

Defence is only one aspect of warfare; we ourselves have to advance, and there are more direct ways of "making two blades of corn grow where one grew before." There is the alternation of grass land with arable, on which Mr. Stapledon has an interesting chapter full of suggestions for further scientific research, such as the building up of persistent and productive herbage plants, and experiments in acclimatisation. The most literal example of the phrase is the causing of tillering in wheat, i.e., the production of several stems from a single seed, but, says Dr. Russell, "unfortunately we know very little about the process." Then there is the obvious application of fertilisers. How do they act? "Maybe" this, "perhaps" that, says Dr. Russell; but we want certainty as a basis of prevision. Land is fertilised also by nitrogen-fixing organisms; but, again to quote the Director of Rothamsted, "of all the bacterial processes this is perhaps the most fascinating and least understood; it well deserves the attention of a vigorous biochemist who is looking out for a big problem."

And so as we pass from one problem to another—to the constituents of food, their action on physiological processes, the treatment of wounds, the hours of labour, the meaning of fresh air—at every step we recognise how real and great our advance has been in the last few decades. But how trivial it is compared with what there is to be known, with what must be known, if, with our crowded population and the increased world-competition, we are to carry on this old country! The promoters and publishers of lectures such as these do a good work if they hammer into the heads of our masters the vital importance of the pure scientific research that must precede all attempts to improve our conditions in the lean years ahead. Though the war be over, this propaganda must not cease.

#### PLEASANT MEMOIRS.

A Medley of Memories. By Sir David Hunter Blair.  
Edwin Arnold. 16s. net.

SIR DAVID BLAIR was brought up in the remorseless Presbyterian tradition, which inflicted cold Sunday dinners and hot sermons on young and old alike; surely, if any man can be forgiven for turning to Rome as the author did, for religious comfort, it is a young Scots Calvinist. The path was not quite direct: Eton and Oxford and, of all things in the world, Sir Walter Scott's novels, helped to turn him in that direction. (The Church Association had better set about an expurgated Waverley at once, now that the secret is out; but they will have to read 'A Medley of Memories' to find out the precise details).

A mediæval Benedictine monk is recorded by Gibbon to have remarked that his oath of obedience had made him a sovereign prince. Sir David's assumption of the vows has hardly done that for him, but it has at least not prevented his thorough enjoyment of life and good society, and a deal of pleasant travelling and amusement in the midst of his religious avocations. The Benedictines were ever the most human of the monks, and the outcry against their re-establishment here seems to have died down. They are certainly the order which is most sympathetic to the English mind, for they are not among the great contemplatives and autonomy

is the rule of the Benedictine order as of the British Empire. Their rule, almost extinct at one time, is now increasing, and Sir David's book contains some charming illustrations of their new establishments.

The conversion of our author left no bitterness in his heart against his old faith. He tells a few stories, it is true, against Protestantism, including one of a University dignitary, who warned an undergraduate that the wearing of slippers in chapel showed insufficient respect "to the College, to Almighty God, and to myself"—the respective authorities being cited in that order. Perhaps a still better example of the old Oxford spirit is a letter from Frederick George Lee on his death-bed. "Throughout sixty-five years I have, I trust, by the grace of God, and the favour of the angels, been always a Christian and a Tory. The unclean, atheistical, anti-Christian agitations of the past half-century have left me where I was. Oxford, which I loved of old, is now so full of tramways, baby-baskets, feeding-bottles, and vulgar villas, that I never go near it. Greek philosophy and morals curse it. I prefer rather to remember it when Routh was a don, Newman its guide, and God its illumination."

There is told here too, by the way, an absolutely new and obviously true story of Gladstone, which is more characteristic of the man than all his forgotten speeches. "Does the custom of 'booing' still exist at Eton?" the old man asked a guest at Hawarden. "I never heard of it, sir," was the answer, "pray what was it?" "Well, in my day (1820) the headmaster (Keate) used every Sunday morning to give us a lecture known as 'prose' in Upper School—the only kind of religious instruction we ever received; and during this lecture it was the habit of the bigger boys to keep up a continuous humming or buzzing noise with the lips closed, so that the culprits could not be identified. This was called booing, and"—Mr. Gladstone here struck his hand on the table with an emphasis which made the glasses ring—"it was a fine old custom—the national privilege of disagreeing with persons in authority!"

The whole book is packed with anecdotes which cry for quotation. One more must suffice. "'Kipperd herring?' once said a French *pasteur* to my great-aunt, after partaking of that delicacy at her breakfast-table, 'what is 'kippered?'" He was told it meant 'preserved'; and the family legend is that the good man prayed at family worship afterwards, that his kind friends in Scotland might be kippered everlastingly."

Protestants will probably scan Sir David Blair's charming book for indications of a belief in the eventual conversion of England to Rome. They will find no such prophecy; nor indeed is it easy to tell from his pages whether his creed has made much real progress. It has advanced indeed from the days of Cardinal Wiseman, when a few old families who lived rather isolated lives alone preserved it from extinction. But there is little sign of any considerable advance, and it is rather significant that his own monastery gave up the education of boys because it did not pay. If there had been enough boys entered on the lists it would probably have paid well enough.

On this matter Cardinal Manning hit the nail on the head with his usual sound common-sense many years ago, when he remarked that Rome was perfectly free to do what it liked in England, so long as it did not touch politics, but the moment it did Englishmen would have nothing to do with the Vatican. Rightly or wrongly, many Englishmen believed that Rome was pro-German during the war, and while nobody of any intelligence believed the absurdity that the Pope caused the war—the saintly old man who was then Pope was on his death-bed at the outbreak of hostilities—many people did believe they saw an undue tenderness for Austria and perhaps some longing for the restoration of the temporal power at the expense of Italy, combined with a natural dislike of anti-clerical France and Protestant England. For that reason alone the author should continue his 'Medley of Memories' down to date; his pleasant method may remove some of the distrust which has gathered round his Church during the last four years, and what is far more important, add some good stories that yet remain untold to the common stock of anecdote.

## MUSIC NOTES

**MUSIC AT THE ALBERT HALL.**—The start of a new concert enterprise at the Royal Albert Hall last Saturday afternoon seems a fitting opportunity for drawing attention to the fact that this building—always remarkable and still unique—will shortly enter upon the fiftieth year of its existence. Its purpose, which was intended primarily to be educational in the highest aesthetic sense, has of late (despite such occasional lapses as Socialist meetings, boxing shows, and "Victory" balls) been more satisfactorily served than formerly. There is less of waste and financial loss. The hall has grown very popular, and is now let three times a week, where it used to be open barely once. Twenty years ago there was an annual deficit of some £800, and only a comparatively small working balance at the bank; so that the shareholders, who may not under the Charter receive dividends anyhow, were not getting their money's worth either in the way of entertainment or culture. To-day their complaints are no longer heard, and the improvement coincides with the period during which the present manager, Mr. Hilton Carter, has been at the head of affairs. He came there with a musical training and a good record as secretary of the Guildhall School of Music. He did well by introducing the Sunday concerts, and he had the necessary *flair* to perceive that the public wanted to hear first-rate orchestral music as well as fine choral singing at the Albert Hall. We hope, nevertheless, that the latter is not going to be allowed to fall into neglect at one of the few metropolitan places where it can really be enjoyed outside the cathedrals and the Abbey. The Royal Choral Society, founded practically by Gounod when he conducted his 'Gallia' at the opening of the Exhibition of 1871, still carries on the work with a few concerts every year, but not under the brilliant conditions that prevailed in Barnby's time. Nor have we forgotten the splendid series of oratorio and orchestral concerts given here by the Novellos many years ago—an artistic triumph but a sad pecuniary failure. It would be absurd, of course, to expect the same kind of undertaking from the modern concert manager as from a wealthy Henry Littleton; but to our thinking Mr. Hilton Carter might do worse than supplement his instrumental programmes now and then with short choral works, whilst leaving the longer to Sir Frederick Bridge and Mr. Rothery. There are audiences for these things, and one hears no more to-day of the "long and tedious journey to Kensington Gore." Motor-buses and tubes have done away with that.

Meanwhile the bands and the solo singers occupy the field most of the time; for we must not count against them such traditional "hardy annuals" as this afternoon's New Year's performance of the 'Messiah,' which draws eight thousand people and helps to provide the sustaining harvest that keeps the Royal Choral Society alive. (And, after all, but for the old giant, Handel, where would our boasted choral music be?) But last Saturday's was a new scheme; good enough to warrant strong support, but scarcely proclaimed with the loudness and energy requisite for gaining attention amid the thousand and one half-holiday pre-occupations, musical and otherwise, that beset this over-grown city. Truth to tell, one heard only at the eleventh hour of the inauguration here, as well as in the provinces, of the 'Quinlan Subscription Concerts,' or of Mr. Thomas Quinlan's laudable wish "to provide the music-loving public with concerts of the highest class, engaging only *artistes* of world repute and proved value." Nothing could be better, of course, nothing more beneficial to the cause of the hour and the growth of musical taste generally than concerts of this description, with the newly-formed British Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Albert Coates, for a nucleus and the co-operation of "artistes" of the aforesaid calibre. In future, perhaps, we shall find among the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the Russian and German masters a modest sprinkling of native British music, which was made rather conspicuous by its total absence in this instance. Still it was a thoroughly enjoyable concert. The new orchestra contains excellent material, and if the wood-wind gave us food for thought in certain portions of Tchaikovsky's beautiful 'Romeo and Juliet,' it remained in the picture elsewhere—notably in a performance of the 'Meistersinger' not unworthy to be compared with the remarkable achievement at Queen's Hall that stamped Mr. Coates once and for all as a great Wagnerian conductor. But the best things of the day, to our thinking, were the Tchaikovsky pianoforte concerto (B flat minor) and the final scene from 'Die Walküre.' In the former Mr. Mark Hambourg replaced M. Leopold Godowsky (who had not reached London in time for the concert), and played in a manner that showed him to be veritably inspired by his task and his conductor. In the 'Wotan's Farewell' we renewed acquaintance with a fine American basso, Mr. Clarence Whitehill, whose opulent tones have grown richer and more powerful than ever in the lower register, and whose declamation is instinct with dignity and pathos, even though his words fail to come through as clearly in the English as they used to in the original text. So happily the 'Abschied' was worthy of the noblest rendering of the 'Feuerzauber' that has been heard for many a day.

## FICTION IN BRIEF

'THE MINX GOES TO THE FRONT,' by C. N. and A. M. Williamson (Mills and Boon, 6s. net), is a collection of four stories of the war. The first tells of a motor visit to the front, the second of the making of a cinematograph film in Belgium, the third of how and why two Americans changed identities on leave, and the last of episodes in the work of an American nursing sister. They are evidently written for the American public and show the neat-handed effectiveness we have learned to expect from these popular writers.

'ENCHANTED HEARTS,' by Darragh Aldrich (Jarrold, 7s. net), is an American story of the "uplift" variety, very good of its kind. Comfort Browne, the boarding-house slavey of eleven years of age, is the fairy godmother of the boarders, and brings them, or most of them, to their desired haven. There is a rich and benevolent young millionaire who has wronged, unwittingly, the sister of the heroine. There are fights, discoveries, virtuous editors, and large cheques, just in time. Not badly written either.

'THE TAMING OF NAN,' by Ethel Holdsworth (Jenkins, 6s. net), is a tale of humble life in a Northern city, by the author of 'Helen of the Four Gates.' Nan is a virago, married to a gigantic porter, who puts up with her in the fashion of Lord Derby's collier until he loses his legs in an accident. When she becomes intolerable. At last her husband strikes out a new way of life for himself, and after some time she reforms and falls into line with it. The characterisation is excellent, if slightly idealised, and the book is, as a whole, quite admirable.

'ALLEGRA,' by L. Allen Harker (Murray, 7s. net), describes the conflict between love and a passion for her art in Allegra Burford, a young woman whose sole interest in life is the art of acting. To obtain and solidify a position on the stage she is willing to sacrifice all the interests of home and to accept the services of her lovers without offering them any adequate return. The picture of the popular novelist, Matthew Maythorne, to whom she is for a time engaged, seems a rather unkind caricature of one of our "best sellers." It is a book to be put on the library list.

'AN HONEST THIEF AND OTHER STORIES,' by F. M. Dostoevsky (Heinemann, 6s. net) is the eleventh volume of the complete translation of his works by Mrs. Garnett. This instalment contains ten stories, most of them rather short, the longest being 'Uncle's Dream,' while Marya Alexandrovna in that tale is by far the most distinctive character in the book. It is superfluous to say more about the value of this translation than that it is quite up to the level of Mrs. Garnett's best work.

'THE THEATRE QUEUE,' by Arthur F. Wallis (Sampson Low, 6s. net) is a quite good story spoiled by an amateurish outlook on the problems of modern economics. It tells of a romance, beginning with the chance meeting of an East End working girl and a young gentleman in the queue of a popular theatre, and ending with the sacrifice of her reputation and hopes for the future to the happiness of his family. The author has the gift of construction and a dramatic sense of situation, and is likely to do much better in the future if he will only learn to be less didactic.

'THE BOOMING OF BUNKIE,' by A. S. Neill (Jenkins, 6s. net), is pure extravaganza. Peter MacMunn arrives at Bunkie, a little seaside village on the East Coast of Scotland, and determines to make it into a popular resort, incited thereto partly by pure mischief, and partly by the icy charms of Evelyn Kerbet, who had administered a well-deserved snubbing when he attempted to open a conversation. Some of the "fun" would seem to require a very special education in the reader if he is to be amused by it. But the new idea for a golf course may carry it off.

'THE DIAMOND CROSS MYSTERY,' by Chester K. S. Steele (Jenkins, 6s. net) is a somewhat confused and confusing American detective story, which does not disdain to use the "third degree" on its criminals in the process of arriving at its results. This is not according to the rules of the game as they are generally understood. On the whole the detective work is poor, and the putting together of the story not much better.

'THE FAR CRY,' by H. M. Rideout (Jarrold, 7s. net), is one of the best South Sea romances we have read for a long time, though we should not have coupled it with 'The Wrecker.' In some respects it is better, it has more unity and carries its own weight of interest from start to finish, from the wreck on an uncharted and uninhabitable island to the redemption of Francis Godbolt. As romance, it is excellent.

'SHORT AND SWEET,' by H. N. Gittins (Lane, 6s. net) is a selection of writings, light verse and short stories by Capt. Gittins, who died on active service. They are very good examples of the light humorous vein in which the youth of this generation delight and excel, and show once more what a loss to the future of English literature this war has been. Many of them remind us of the early work of Barrie.

'CAPTAIN JIM,' by Mary Grant Bruce (Ward, Lock, 6s. net), is apparently one of a series in which the heroes are brought from the Australian bush to an English country house, which they turn into a home of rest for lonely officers. The story is good plain reading with no frills and some thrills of a mild sort.

'NANCY,' by Silas K. Hocking (Samson Low, 6s. net) is one of those novels of stainless purity in which the worst fault of the hero is to hesitate between proposing to a wealthy young lady whom he likes, or a poor one whom he loves. He is turned down by both, the poor one becomes rich, and the war provides the means for putting everything right. A perfect example of anodyne fiction.

'THE OUTLAW,' by Maurice Hewlett (Constable, 6s. net), is the story of Gisli the outlaw, retold from the Sagas and modernised a little, but not too much. We wonder if there is a public for the naked beauty of these things: William Morris's rendering of the Heimskringla and other sagas has never been reprinted, vigorous and faithful as it is. It is interesting to note that the Northern tales hold their attraction for writers, at any rate, and we should like to think that they are getting their public for them.



'THE END OF A DREAM' by A. M. N. Jenkin (Lane, 7s. net), is written round a case of shell-shock, and its catastrophe is explained and brought about by that state. As a story, it is rather thin and amateurish, and the author's ideas of the divorce laws are more than usually sketchy.

'THE FIGHTING MASCOT,' by Thomas Joseph Kehoe (Blackie, 3s. 6d. net), is the true story of a boy recruit to a Liverpool Regiment in the late war, told with the help of Mr. E. L. Bacon. It is a very good account of the life and feelings of a rather fortunate private, told with some of the natural exaggerations of feeling thrown back in retrospect to the events narrated.

'BUNKER BEAN,' by Harry Leon Wilson (Lane, 6s. net), is a very amusing book; at least we found it so. It is rather carelessly printed, and more carelessly written, and its author does not know the difference between "prone" and "supine," but it is really funny after the first forty pages. Bunker Bean is a clerk in the office of an American railway magnate, whose belief in reincarnation makes a man of him, and sustains him through some trying adventures.

'THE BUILDERS,' by Ellen Glasgow (Murray, 7s. net), is a well-written story of politics in the Southern States just before the war, from the point of view of Caroline Mead, a professional nurse, in the family of a Virginian notable. It is a study of a woman who puts her husband in the wrong while he is right, and wrecks the life of everyone near her out of sheer selfishness. Miss Glasgow's work reminds one forcibly of Mrs. Humphry Ward's novels; the two writers have the same serious capability and interest in their subject.

'FETTERS,' by C. S. Goldingham (Allen and Unwin), is a first-class study of the effects of a narrow and bitter upbringing on a boy of naturally fine disposition. The scheme of the book is worked out with almost unrelenting skill, and though the supposed death and captivity of the hero in the Sahara has been done before, the author succeeds very well in his use of old material. It is a book to read: we have great hopes of the author.

'PLATONIC PETER,' by Mrs. Horace Tremlett (Hutchinson, 6s. 9d. net), is a warning to ladies in the provinces who have time on their hands, and to young officers in the same happy case, that there are several ways of getting themselves into a scrape without meaning it. Mrs. Bettington escapes at the end unhurt to her husband the Mayor and her son Tommy, while Platonic Peter, Capt. Barham on the staff, is left *cavalier seul*, and the other characters set to partners. A rather amusing book.

'FELICITY,' by Katharine Harrington (Allen and Unwin, 6s. 6d. net), is a well-written story of the youth and adolescence of a girl in North London with a hard father and a weak mother. At a critical moment of her young life (she is sitting for a scholarship) she has to take on herself the responsibility for a theft committed by her mother, and the shame of it pursues her till at last she meets a lover who recognises the impossibility of the charge. It is written with much insight into the girl's nature and some imagination as to her surroundings.

'H.M.S. ANONYMOUS,' by Taffrail (Jenkins, 7s. net), contains some chapters in the life of a destroyer which give a life-like and adequate account of what those on board had to do and suffer before and during the war. It is written with the author's well-known skill and gift of picturesque language.

'SISTERS,' by Kathleen Norris (Murray, 7s. net), is another story of American life, worthy of the author of 'Martie the Unconquered.' The three sisters of the title live in the Western States, and the story revolves round the married life of the younger of them, whose unsatisfied longings bring destruction to the happiness and life of her elder sister. We gather that in those States there is nothing to prevent marriage with the sister of your divorced wife.

## LIBRARY TABLE

'THE END OF A CHAPTER,' by Shane Leslie (Constable, 2s. net). In August, 1916, when this book appeared in a more expensive form, we welcomed Mr. Leslie's sparkling reminiscences, which will now, doubtless, amuse a wider circle. The author has the happy audacity of youth, and, if his judgments and jokes are not to be taken very seriously, they are presented nearly always in an attractive form. Having Randolph Churchill as a godfather, and a grandmother who bought up and burnt Lady Cardigan's disgusting Memoirs, and being otherwise in touch with the world of the best people in Society and literature, Mr. Leslie had chances which he used to advantage in this little collection.

We took it seriously enough to point out that there were several inaccuracies, especially as Mr. Leslie suggested that aged writers of memoirs have no memories left. No attention, however, has been paid to our hint in this new edition, and we wonder if it is worth while in this casual and incurious age to get anything right.

'THE WRITERS' AND ARTISTS' YEAR BOOK, 1920,' edited by G. E. Mitton (Black, 3s. 6d.)—'Who's Who' is invaluable to editors, and so is this book to contributors. It tells them what papers want, and a study of it will reduce the common habit of sending everything everywhere, in the hope of getting something taken somewhere. Of course, writers should look at any paper before they propose to contribute to it; but they waste time every day by sending in hopelessly unsuitable MSS., or

duplicating matter that has already appeared. The 'Year Book' has gone up in price of late, but it would be a cheap book if it cost as much as a modern novel. After being issued for twelve years, it is still too little known. We wish it the widest possible circulation, as all editors must do who are pestered with wild writers of libellous prose, mediocre versifiers, and beginners who want help and advice gratis.

'CHESS OPENINGS' (Illustrated). I. Centre Counter. By J. du Mont (Bell, 2s. 6d. net). The form of gambit here illustrated has fallen into disrepute—in tournaments at any rate, but the author tells us that "thorough analysis by Northern Amateurs has established its perfect soundness and safety," according to the German 'Handbook' of 1915. Expert players generally feel that it tends to development by the second player, and that is a serious matter. Illustrated games, however, such as the author provides, supply admirable teaching, and his display of games by masters, with notes and numerous diagrams, is all that could be wished. The amateur is often out for risky positions, or to force the pace, and is not bound as the professional is, to win games for a livelihood.

We look forward with keen anticipations to the forthcoming volume on The Danish Gambit, which is the very thing for the adventurous amateur who is looking for fun, not saving an extra pawn for a dull and tedious ending.

'FOSTER ON AUCTION,' by R. F. Foster (De la Rue, 7s. 6d. net). The author maintains that Auction has suffered from theories and conventions which belong to Bridge, and brings his ample experience to show the soundness of his suggestions. The illustrations given all occurred in the course of actual play in the United States. He remarks that an increasing amount of contracts fail because the theory of bidding is vague, and often misleading. In a conflict of varying views Mr. Foster's, being founded on long expert study by himself and others, should repay perusal. He says, for instance:—"Never leave your partner in with a bid of one no-trump if you have five hearts or spades."

This is advisable, even when the five cards are of inferior quality. On the question of an original bid of one or two, Mr. Foster seems to us quite sound, but the game has not been sufficiently standardised as yet over here to make certain leads mean the possession of certain other cards. The difference of play in trumps and no-trumps is carefully studied. One innovation which is becoming general is the bid of a club or diamond when the suit is headed by two sure tricks, even if there are only three or four cards in the suit altogether. Mr. Foster makes a difference between major suits and the minor ones just mentioned. The hearts and spades demand length as well as high cards. He gets to the very heart of the business in his enlightening chapter on 'Intrinsic Card Values,' which is based on 10,000 recorded hands. Altogether we think there is a great deal to be learnt from his manual.

Messrs. De La Rue and Co. have sent us a selection of Diaries, which are at once elegant and useful, and may tempt the most casual forgetter of engagements to keep a warning conscience in a breast-pocket, or a vanity bag. The firm have long been known for their excellent printing and good style. The Onoto Diaries on a small scale are decidedly attractive, and the one which contains a little notebook as well is quite a "cunning contraption," as they would say on the other side of the Atlantic. The Diary bound in red leather is both attractive and businesslike.

'ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA,' by A. W. Pollard (Sidgwick and Jackson, 3s. net) is the third volume of a series of Messages of the Saints, of which two have been already noticed in our columns. This well-printed little volume is written in a strain of sane and simple piety especially grateful to the devotional mind at a time when so many homes are suffering from sudden and violent loss. Mr. Pollard's equipment for his task is beyond question, and his survey of Catherine's 'Libro della Divina Dottrina' is a very valuable contribution to the study of mysticism and a corrective to the form in which it has usually been presented to us. St. Catherine is one of the holy women, whose sainthood has never eclipsed her sanctity of life and conversation, and we feel grateful to Mr. Pollard for an opportunity of renewing our acquaintance with her life and works in an evil time.

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 Herbert Fry's Royal Guide. 1s. 6d. net.  
 Hand of the Potter, The (Theodore Dreiser). Boni and Liveright. \$1.50.  
 History of the English Language (E. Classen). Macmillan. 5s. net.  
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 How I Filmed the War (Lieut. G. Malins). Herbert Jenkins. 12s. 6d.  
 His Family (Ernest Poole). Macmillan. 3s. net.  
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 Heart of a Mystic, The (W. Robert Hall). Elkin Matthews. 2s. 6d. net.  
 Hills of Desire, The (Richard Aumerle Maher). Macmillan. 6s. net.  
 Health of the Teacher (W. E. Chancellor). Forbes and Co. \$1.25.

## MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

## BOOKS.

BOOKS RARE AND OUT OF PRINT.—Victor Hugo's Works Edition de Luxe, 10 vols., half morocco, £6 6s.; Thackeray's Works, illus., Harry Furniss, 20 vols., £5 5s.; George Eliot's Novels, 7 vols., half calf, gilt, £4 10s.; George Borrow's Works, 6 vols., half calf, gilt, £3 10s.; Frank Harris Life of Oscar Wilde, 2 vols., £2 2s.; Nineteen Early Drawings by Aubrey Beardsley, only 150 done, 35s. Oscar Wilde's Works, hand-made paper edition, very scarce, 14 vols., £25; Studio Magazine, 75 vols., in parts, £17 17s.; Balzac's Droll Stories, illus., 11s.; Salome, illus. by Beardsley, 11s.; Ballads Weird and Wonderful, with 25 drawings by Vernon Hill, 9s.; Aubrey Beardsley, by Arthur Symons, large paper copy, 1905. £2 2s.; Memoirs of Harriette Wilson, coloured plates, 2 vols., 21s. Send also for Catalogue, 100,000 bargains on hand. If you want a book, and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. EDWARD BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, 14-16, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

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## The FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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## MOTOR NOTES

This year should see a general revival of motor sport. Competitive motoring in this country was, of course, practically non-existent from August, 1914, to well after the signing of the Armistice. A number of events were promoted by prominent clubs during 1919, but in attending them one felt all too consciously the shadow of the war. Old faces were missing, competing machines were either war scarred heroes or pre-war veterans, and a general spirit of unhappy restraint brooded over the proceedings. The advent of 1920 will not sweep away every vestige of the great strife. We have recently dealt on this page with the handicaps the motor industry is likely to suffer from for some time to come. Yet we venture to regard the sporting prospects of 1920 optimistically.

This country, for once at any rate, seems likely to give a lead to France in motoring sport, for the British fixture list for 1920 is apparently much heavier than that of our Ally. The French industry are clearly opposed to the extensive promotion of sporting events during this year, and their influence may be observed in the calendar despite the unrestrained enthusiasm of French sportsmen. In comparing programmes of prospective British and foreign events, one has also to remember that many contests that are always popular in this country find little favour across the Channel. The Frenchman, generally speaking, interprets motor sport as motor racing. Nothing but a speed event, or the severest form of endurance trial, really arouses his enthusiasm. In this country, although British cars and motorcycles can hold their own with all comers, we are still keen upon hill climbs, speed judging competitions, and even gymkhanas. It is by including these events on the fixture card with more strenuous forms of contest that one is able to claim a bigger 1920 programme for the home countries than France can show. Certainly such competitions do provide sport, even if

the French temperament is not generally appreciative of them.

Limits of space forbid our reviewing all the big events provisionally arranged for decision in 1920. But in predicting a general revival during the coming season, we should make it clear that the two classic pre-war events in this country and in France will not be held. The Royal Automobile Club has apparently bowed to the exigencies of the times and will not promote a Tourist Trophy Race in the Isle of Man this summer. Similarly the Automobile Club of France has acknowledged the objections of the trade, and there will accordingly be no Grand Prix Race this year. While an alternative contest to the Grand Prix has at present gone no further than the suggestion stage, one is glad to observe that the R.A.C. have practically decided to promote a Utility Race in the Isle of Man about June. If this event is held on the lines now proposed, it should provide more useful sport for the amateur motorist than would the T.T. The suggestion is that each car in the Utility Race should be ostensibly a standard touring vehicle. Engine capacity would be restricted to reasonable limits for a touring car, and each vehicle would be required to present a given wind resistance. The drivers would represent private owners, who must do all the adjustments or repairs required in the race themselves, and the necessary tools and spares would have to be carried on the car throughout the contest. There would certainly be an excellent element of sport in such an event, and it should attract a good many private entries. Many other interesting events are predicted for this season, including a six-days 1,000 mile light car trial in Scotland, an Irish Six Days' Reliability Trial, and the revival of the popular hill climbs at Shelsley Walsh, Pateley Bridge and Caerphilly; and the speed trials at Saltburn, Westcliff, and Porthcawl. Brooklands Track, most probably, will be re-opened at Easter, with further race meetings there on Whit Monday and August Bank Holiday. A big programme of motor cycling sport is in prospect, including the revival of the T.T. race in the Isle of Man in May.

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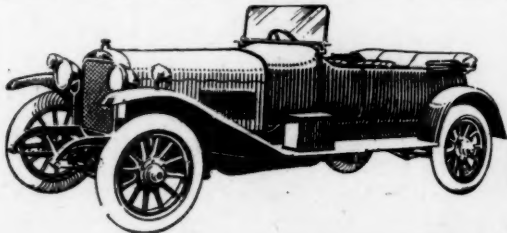
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By Order,

J. H. JEFFERYS,  
Secretary to the London Committee.

London Transfer Office,

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Finsbury Circus, E.C.2.,

22nd December, 1919.

BIRMINGHAM SMALL ARMS  
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At a confirmatory meeting of the shareholders of the Birmingham Small Arms Co., Ltd., held on Tuesday, 23rd December, 1919, at the Grand Hotel, Birmingham, the necessary Resolution which was passed at the extraordinary general meeting of the Company held on the 8th December, 1919, altering the Articles of Association to provide for the issue of £2,500,000 6½ per cent. twelve year notes as proposed by the directors, was duly confirmed as a Special Resolution.

# The Saturday Review

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OWING to the difficulties experienced by many in obtaining copies of the "Saturday Review" at Newsagents and Bookstalls, we would urge the advisability of ordering copies in advance either locally or from this office (£1 8 2 per annum post free; £1 10 4 abroad.)

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## PERU SYNDICATE

The statutory meeting of the shareholders of Peru Syndicate, Ltd., was held on Monday, December 22nd, at Winchester House, E.C., Brigadier-General F. M. Carleton presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. Francis S. Keane) having read the notice convening the meeting,

The Chairman said: There is no business to transact, the meeting being held only to conform with the Companies Act, which prescribes that it will be held within three months of the date on which the company is entitled to commence business. I do not propose to take up time by a lengthy address on the future possibilities of oil. I will just make this one point:—

Peru being the country with which this syndicate is most nearly concerned has derived immense benefit from the opening of the Panama Canal. Situated as she is, her principal port, Callao, has been brought into closer proximity with the Far East, and in addition to the east coast of South America can now be served with almost the same facilities from the shipping point of view as the seaboard on the western coast. This is a consideration which may exercise no small influence on the future prosperity of the company. The syndicate was formed originally with the particular object of exploiting various interests in Peru and other countries. As a parent-holding syndicate, we have secured a number of valuable interests for oil, mining and mineral propositions in Peru, which can no doubt be dealt with advantageously by the formation of subsidiary companies. A suggestion has, however, been made by some of our larger shareholders that the company's capital should be increased in order that we shall be in a position not only to enlarge our sphere of operations, but also to work on our own account, if this is considered advisable, and at the extraordinary general meeting, which is immediately to follow the business of this meeting, you will be asked to pass a resolution authorising the directors to increase the capital if they think fit to do so.

It is obvious that at this early stage it would be inadvisable to enter into too much detail respecting the negotiations on which we are engaged. I can confidently predict, however, that at an early date drilling will be in progress on one or other of the properties we have the right to acquire. It is evident that, even with the increased capital proposed, we could not actively operate all the various interests which we have the right to acquire, but we have the advantage of being able to make the best selections.

Coming now to the mining side of our business: With few exceptions, I believe, the mineral wealth of Peru is better known to the American mining engineer than to the mining engineer of any other country. That is a reasonable assumption, having regard to its geographical position. From the information we have of the mineral wealth of the country, I think that a closer study of its geology would well repay those interested in the development of the rich gold, silver and copper deposits to be found there. Railways, of course, are an essential factor in the development of any country, and Peru would certainly benefit greatly from a more energetic policy of railroad construction. The increasing scarcity of the rare metals which has forced the price of gold and silver up to such an attractive figure should give us every encouragement to thoroughly examine, and, if thought advisable by our engineers, to actively develop the best of the properties over which we have options.

From reports to hand, there is every indication that rich deposits of potash are available with which it should be possible to deal on a highly profitable basis. In this connection, it will interest you to know that one of your directors, Dr. Marshall, is now in Trinidad on our behalf, and is shortly proceeding to Peru, and we shall expect his report before deciding any definite policy of development. You will, I think, agree that the potential possibilities of the company are of a highly encouraging nature and might well form the subject of consideration for a business of larger capital.

An extraordinary general meeting of shareholders followed. Brigadier-General Carleton, who again presided, said: Gentlemen, I think I have already given you sufficient data to show that in the prospects of future business there is ample scope for a company with a working capital considerably in excess of that of this syndicate. Our present nominal capital is £50,000 in 200,000 shares of 5s. per share, the whole of which has been subscribed. It was originally intended that the syndicate should hold the position of a parent company, and resell its interests, and this, with a comparatively small working capital at our disposal, would no doubt be the wise and the safe policy to pursue.

It has, however, been suggested by some of our leading shareholders that with the potential possibilities to which I have already alluded, it would be good business to increase the existing capital to £150,000 by the creation of 400,000 new shares of the nominal value of 5s. each, and a scheme on this basis having been put forward, your Board have been considering the advisability of agreeing thereto. The resolution which I have to put before you is as follows:—

"That the directors of the company be and they are hereby authorised to increase the nominal capital of the company to such amount as they may consider advisable, and to dispose of and deal with the shares forming any such increased capital at such time or times to such person or persons, in such manner and on such terms and conditions as they in their discretion may think fit,"

and you will be asked to give your assent to this on the understanding that the directors will not proceed with the scheme unless they see their way to get the whole of the new issue underwritten.

Mr. Mollett, a shareholder, seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

The proceedings then terminated.

## ENGLISH OILFIELDS, LIMITED

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the shareholders of the English Oilfields, Limited, was held on 30th ult. at the Institute of Chartered Accountants, Moorgate Street, E.C., Sir James Heath, Bart., Chairman of the Company, presiding.

In moving the adoption of the report and balance-sheet, the Chairman said that inasmuch as the shareholders would be addressed by the Company's Geological Expert, Dr. W. Forbes Leslie, and its Chemical Adviser, Dr. Burnett, a few remarks from himself would suffice. Certain discoveries had been made, and if the anticipations that had already been formed regarding them proved correct, the results would be of the utmost importance. The directors had carefully considered whether allusion should be made at that meeting to the recent discoveries, but they had come to the conclusion that it was their duty to give the information to the shareholders. It would, however, be understood that the Company's chief object was the development of their oil-shale properties. After protracted negotiations, H.M. Petroleum Executive had agreed to give the Company a licence to bore for liquid petroleum over a very extensive area, and that licence now only awaited formal signature.

The report and balance-sheet were adopted.

Dr. W. Forbes Leslie, F.R.G.S., after reviewing the position on the Company's properties three months ago, when, at the extraordinary general meeting, its capital was increased to £1,500,000, said it was obvious that before much progress could be made with their various constructional sections an up-to-date means of transport to the properties had to be secured. The Great Eastern Railway Company had made the necessary railway connection between the properties and the main line to London, while the Midland and Great Northern railways had also agreed for the linking up of the Company's line with these two important railway systems. The work of railway construction to the shale mines at West Winch, and through those to the Company's brick-yards and works at Setch was now being energetically carried out.

A works site had been selected, adjoining the experimental works at Setch, and covering twenty-five acres, where gravels of considerable thickness allowed solid foundations to be laid. The freehold had been secured, and the shareholders were to be congratulated on having now got the only favourable site for works in the neighbourhood. In order to secure the necessary accommodation for the Company's employees, the Company were fortunately able to purchase practically a complete camp, which was now erected on the freehold in close proximity to the new works at Setch, and this would be lighted by electricity, and in every way brought up to date, while reading and recreation rooms would be built. A contract for a by-product plant to deal with 20,000,000 cubic feet of gas per twenty-four hours had been given out, and the works to be placed on the freehold site on which this plant was to be erected would, he believed, be the largest retorting, condensing, and refining plant in England. Another source of future profit was the establishment of large brickworks at West Winch. The discovery on the Company's grounds of a plastic clay 40ft. thick was of great importance. In the erection of the various plants they would require about £100,000 worth of bricks, according to market price now obtaining, and on this item alone the Company would save one-half this cost.

A new and important feature was the decision to institute deep drilling operations. It was his opinion that if oil in commercial quantities was to be found in England it would be found especially in the districts of East Anglia. Therefore the company was in the position of seeking at the same time to determine the presence of metalliferous deposits, coal, petroleum, and possibly a repetition of the shale measures at depth. They had already secured a rig capable of drilling to 3,000 or 4,000 feet; the derrick was erected, and drilling had begun on a site carefully located. They hoped to continue this bore-hole to 3,000 or 4,000 feet should nothing of value, as in the case of a flowing well, be encountered at a smaller depth. In view of certain important discoveries which they had made, he could have wished that the meeting might have been postponed a few months. They had encountered in several bore-holes a mineral formation hitherto unknown in England, and had been able to determine the presence of several valuable metals and minerals. There probably existed below the shale great thicknesses of metamorphic rocks resembling, in character and mineral wealth, those outcropping in Wales and elsewhere, but far richer in metals and minerals, and more nearly approximating to the South African.

They had carried out a great many experiments in retorting Norfolk shale, and they were rapidly acquiring a practical knowledge of the lighter oils of the shale, and were daily improving their method. In conclusion, Dr. Leslie stated he was satisfied that the inception of a great and astonishingly profitable new industry had taken place.



## THE CITY

One cannot help feeling a tinge of sympathy at this season with financial editors, whose mistaken duty it is to write annual reviews of the Money and Stock markets. Recounting the recent past is a profitless task. Whether it is pleasing or displeasing, to be reminded, for example, that Mexican Eagles doubled in value during the year, depends entirely on whether one was a holder of the shares or not. It is cheering to recall a profit made, provided that it does not bring memories of losses incurred and depreciated investments. The past is useful only as a guide to the future, and probably the outstanding lesson to be derived from Stock Exchange experience in the last year, is the advantage of the prohibition of open "bulling" and "bearing." Had there been a contango account open, the stock markets would have been panic-stricken on more than one occasion.

According to the statistics of the *Bankers' Magazine*, leading securities show an average decline during 1919, but we fancy that the experience of the large majority of investors and speculators has been more favourable than the statistics suggest; for the reason that the securities which have been most popular do not bulk largely in the calculations of the *Magazine*. These calculations show that security values have been steadily declining for the last twenty years. In January, 1907, the market value of 387 representative securities was £3,843 millions; in July, 1914, it was £3,371 millions; the lowest point of £2,572 millions was reached in April, 1918; and the present value is £2,635 millions, which is £180 millions less than at the signing of the Armistice in November, 1918.

What of the future? Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor recently told shareholders of the Bank of Montreal, of which he is the general manager, that he found the near outlook extremely difficult to visualise. This is true regarding the whole world. So much depends upon the foreign exchanges. It may be that they have almost reached the extremes of the present abnormal movements, but unless special measures are taken—and they are deprecated in many well-informed quarters—the recovery will necessarily be very slow.

The broad demand for money will continue on a large scale, and it is practically certain that rates will remain high. With Colonial Government borrowing at six per cent., there seems to be very little opportunity for improvement in existing high-grade securities. Home railway prior charges may improve in sympathy with the junior stocks now that this market has been lifted out of its despondency; but there can be no sustained improvement in British, Colonial, and provincial Government and corporation stocks. Many foreign government securities have been unduly depressed by liquidation from the Continent. A recovery in Chinese and South American government bonds is therefore possible. All securities quoted in dollars stand high because of the high exchange value of the dollar in sterling. Any improvement in the sterling rate therefore implies a fall in dollar securities.

British rails, as already indicated, are likely to display greater resiliency now that their right to increased freight rates has been recognised. Argentine Railway stocks have reached a level where see-saw movements may be expected. The outlook for the country is excellent, and the railways will surely benefit; but large expenditures will be necessary on betterments which will be made partly out of revenue, and the immediate dividend outlook therefore is fairly well discounted.

It can hardly be expected that Oil shares will maintain in the New Year the remarkable activity and strength witnessed in the last twelve months, but there is no reason to anticipate a serious decline in popularity. It is more than probable that such shares as Shells and Burmahs will go higher in the next few months.

## INSURANCE

The year which has just closed was remarkable for the number of important amalgamations, for the creation of new companies and for the attention for the first time given to the important question of reinsurance, which has been fully dealt with already in previous articles. Since these notes appeared a month ago the fusion of the Phoenix and the Norwich Union Fire, both old companies of the highest repute, has further diminished the number of independent offices. In this case both companies will be under the same chairman and a single general manager will be responsible for their affairs. This will secure unity of policy, and whether or not that will be to the public good will depend on the degree of energy and initiative of a very few individuals. It will be difficult for one company to be enterprising and the other sluggish. Both may be enterprising. Let us hope they will be. But any question of competition between the two is eliminated. A certain amount of competition between companies is obviously to the public advantage, and from that standpoint it is to be regretted that so many companies are sinking their real individuality behind their stronger brothers. The maintenance of a separate existence is more apparent than real. When it is announced that the organisation of a company which has sold its shares to another will be retained intact it means little more than that no effort will be made to reduce expenses. The real control of both companies will be undivided. Amalgamations are providing such strong combinations that not only is competition diminished, but the financial position of the combined offices is so strong that there is more than ever a temptation to rest on existing laurels and not run any risks in undertaking new schemes. The policy-holder, on the other hand, is more interested in any new development which will secure for him the fullest cover against all possible contingencies at the most reasonable rates. While it is a duty to point out the possibilities of recent arrangements, it would be injurious to overstate any particular case, and in the result it may well be that the greater companies will utilise their increasing resources more than ever to provide a better service.

The second feature of the year was the large number of new companies. On the whole, they were wonderfully well received, and few among them turned away empty from the investing public. Readers of this column will remember that acute discrimination has always been recommended, and recent issues have clearly shown that the public has grasped the essential differences between new companies which have a fair assurance of success and others which can rank only as speculations. The most divided opinions exist as to the chances of success, and while one person will offer an opinion that there is ample profitable business for all the new offices, another equally well placed to form a sound judgment will steadfastly decline to see anything but disaster for many of them. But with experts it was ever thus. The ordinary man will suspend judgment till concrete evidence in the form of balance sheets is forthcoming. There are still several proposed new undertakings endeavouring to fix up underwriting arrangements in the City, but they are not finding their path altogether an easy one. Underwriters are fighting a little shy of anything but gilt-edged insurance issues, and that should be a warning to the investor.

The man who thinks twice in the ordinary way before going into a new venture, might well think even once again. There is a certain element of contradiction between the beginning of this article which urges the advantages of competition and the latter part which urges caution in adding to the competition. But the answer is obvious. Competition is good only so long as it rests on a sound foundation, and soundness in all the new offices is essential, unless the older offices are to run some risk of their prestige being affected. The strength of the Insurance chain must depend on its weakest links.

The List will be closed on or before Friday, the 9th of January.



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£40 per cent. on the 11th March.

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The Loan is raised to meet the Cost of reconstruction of Railways and construction of Railways and Harbour Works in Connection with the development of transportation in the Colony.

THE CROWN AGENTS FOR THE COLONIES, on behalf of the Government of the Gold Coast, invite applications for the above amount of Stock, which will be issued under the provisions of the General Loan and Incribed Stock Ordinance, and will be inscribed in accordance with the provisions of the Colonial Stock Act, 1877, 40 & 41 Vict. c. 59.

The Loan is secured on the General Revenues and Assets of the Government of the Gold Coast, and the principal will be payable at par, on the 15th February, 1970, by a Sinking Fund of twelve shillings and sixpence per cent. per annum, to be formed in this country under the management of the Crown Agents, who are appointed Trustees, but the Government of the Gold Coast will have the option of redemption at par on or after the 15th February, 1945, on giving six calendar months' notice by advertisement in the *London Gazette* and in the *Times* newspaper, or by post to the then Stockholders at their registered addresses.

The interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum will be payable half-yearly on the 15th February and the 15th August, in each year, by Dividend Warrants, which, if desired, may be transmitted by post, either to the Stockholders, or other person, bank, or firm, within the United Kingdom. Principal and Interest will be payable at the Office of the Crown Agents for the Colonies, London.

The Stock will be transferable at the Crown Agents' Transfer Office No. 1, Tokenhouse Buildings, E.C.2, without charge and free of stamp duty.

Stock Certificates to Bearer, of the denominations of £1,000, £500 and £100, with coupons for the half-yearly Dividends attached, will be obtainable in exchange for Incribed Stock at the Crown Agents Transfer Office, No. 1, Tokenhouse Buildings, E.C.2, on payment of the prescribed fees, and such Certificates can, if desired, be re-inscribed.

Applications, which must be accompanied by a deposit of £5 per cent., will be received at the Crown Agents' Offices, 4, Millbank, London, S.W.1, and at No. 1, Tokenhouse Buildings, London, E.C.2, and the subsequent payments are to be made at the Crown Agents' Transfer Office, No. 1, Tokenhouse Buildings, E.C.2, not later than the dates above mentioned.

In case of partial allotment, the balance of the amount paid on application will be applied towards the payment of the first instalment. If there should be a surplus after making that payment, such surplus will be refunded by cheque.

Applications may be for the whole or any part of the issue, but no allotment will be made of a less amount than £100 Stock or multiples thereof.

Payments may be made in full on the 19th of January, or on any subsequent date, under discount at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum.

In the case of default in the payment of any instalment at its due date, the deposit and instalments previously paid will be liable to forfeiture.

After payment by the allottees of the instalment due on allotment, they will receive at the Crown Agents' Transfer Office, No. 1, Tokenhouse Buildings, E.C.2, in exchange for the receipted Letter of Allotment, Scrip Certificates which, when paid in full, will be convertible into Incribed Stock.

A commission of Five Shillings per cent. will be allowed to Bankers and Stock Brokers on allotments made in respect of applications bearing their stamp.

The revenues of the Colony of the Gold Coast alone are liable

in respect of the above Stock and the dividends thereon, and the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom and the Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury are not directly or indirectly liable or responsible for the payment of the Stock or of the dividends thereon, or for any matter relating thereto (Act 40 & 41 Vict. c. 59).

Forms of Application, and a Statistical Statement relative to the Public Debt, Revenue, Expenditure, and Trade, of the Colony from 1908 to 1919, may be obtained by applying to the Crown Agents for the Colonies, 4, Millbank, S.W.1, or at No. 1, Tokenhouse Buildings, E.C.2 to Messrs. MULLENS, MARSHALL and Co., 13, George Street, Mansion House, E.C.4; to Messrs. J. and A. SCRIMGEOUR, Hatton Court, Threadneedle Street, E.C.2; to the Bank of British West Africa, Limited, 17/18, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3, and West Africa House, 25, Water Street, Liverpool and 106/108, Portland Street, Manchester; and to the Colonial Bank, 29, Gracechurch Street, E.C.3.

Office of the Crown Agents for the Colonies,

4, Millbank, London, S.W.1.

5th January, 1920.

This Form may be used.

W.12.

## FORM OF APPLICATION FOR

### GOLD COAST GOVERNMENT 6 PER CENT INSCRIBED STOCK 1945-1970.

To the Crown Agents for the Colonies,

4, Millbank, S.W.1.

GENTLEMEN,—

I hereby apply for £.....

We

say ..... pounds of Gold Coast Government 6 per cent. Incribed Stock 1945-1970, subject to the conditions contained in the Prospectus of the 5th January, 1920, and undertake to pay £100 for every £100 of Stock, and to accept the same, or any less amount that may be allotted to me and to pay for the same in conformity with the terms of the said Prospectus.

2. I enclose the required deposit of £....., being £5

per cent. on the nominal amount applied for.

Name .....  
(State whether Mrs. or Miss, and title, if any.)

Address .....

Date ..... 1920.

Cheques should be drawn to Bearer and crossed "Bank of England."

If the Allotment Letter is required to be forwarded to other than the Applicant, it should be stated.

N.B.—Applications must be for even hundreds of Stock, and must be accompanied by the amount of Deposit thereon, and the Application must be enclosed in an envelope marked outside "Application for Gold Coast Government Loan."